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IN THE GLOW *of the* CAMP FIRE

A. K. P. HARVEY



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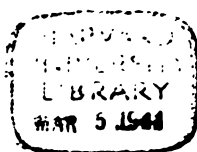
In the Glow of the Campfire

Illustrated by H. C. Brown, Boston

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IN the preparation of these sketches, the author has not aspired to literary fame or pecuniary reward. They are founded upon incidents in his life-long intimacy with the woods; and are presented in the hope that they may inspire in the hearts of the great brotherhood of sportsmen a deeper love for Nature and her boundless playgrounds, and aid in ennobling the excitement of the chase with the exercise of thoughtfulness and humanity.

A. K. P. HARVEY.

Somersworth, N. H.,
June, 1903.

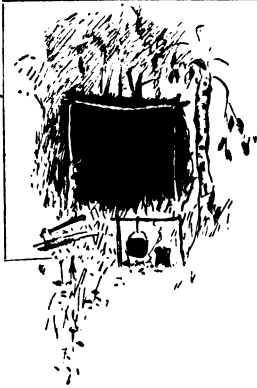
In the Glow of the Campfire



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IN THE GLOW OF THE ~ ~ CAMPFIRE ~

OFF FOR THE WOODS.

On a gorgeous afternoon in the Indian summer, five sportsmen, having their paraphernalia for a week's outing, and exuberantly happy at the prospect of so long a rest from the cares of their several occupations, were beguiling the journey from Portland to Bangor with a game at "sixty-three."



On one side of the little card-table sat Doctor John Wilson, a man of nervous temperament, who threw himself completely into whatever he

**Off for the
Woods**



undertook, loved a joke, and adored sportsmanship, which with him was less an acquired taste than part of his very nature, for he was born in Maine, and spent his boyhood in the companionship of the great forest.

His partner in the game, Henry Spaulding, was a financier, of matter-of-fact, loyal disposition, a proficient at practical joking, being fearless, daring, and inventive, and a most ardent sportsman, undismayed by any difficulty.

Colonel George Manning, the third in the group, was one of those thoroughly lovable men whom you wish you had met earlier in life,—one with a heart as tender as a girl's and a character to which a dishonorable act would have been repugnant. His trustful nature made him the victim of many a joke, which he enjoyed as well as did its inventor; for though he could not devise a prank or tell a story to save his life, he had the highest appreciation of humor. He loved to camp out, and for ten years had owned a most expensive fishing-rod, which he had never used,

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for sleeping in camp was his favorite recreation, and why should he interrupt it to fish when the rest of the party supplied the table abundantly?

**Off for the
Woods**

The Colonel's partner was Conrad Brooks, a lawyer and an enthusiastic sportsman, of an extremely sensitive make-up. His evident discomfort at being made the victim of a joke furnished a perpetual source of amusement to his companions.



Looking over the players' hands, but not taking part in the game, stood Charles Dalton, a man to whom everything, even the getting of bait, was a matter of business. Although so contrary that if you wished his company to fish at the outlet you must suggest fishing at the inlet, he was whole-souled and popular; and though he had to be well known to be understood, and consequently made few close friends, those few friends were his gods.

As the afternoon wore on, the party enlivened the game with laugh and jibe and jest, romping like schoolboys out for a frolic, and growing



**Off for the
Woods**



every moment merrier. Away with their gravity, their dignity, their sedate bearing! The exulting consciousness of freedom mounted to their heads like wine, and in pure glee they abandoned themselves to the joyous antics of youth, for was not every mile carrying them farther from forced work and burdensome responsibilities?

These five travelers, whose adventures we are to follow in a few sketches, are representatives of a large and growing class in America, composed of those solid men, upon whom, as upon pillars, rests the weight of our civilization. Some, in their counting-rooms, increase the nation's wealth; others are year by year widening their influence in their various professions—all are workers, respected and trusted by their associates.

Why are such men leaving homes furnished with every luxury, to spend in an ordinary camp the only days of the year when they have leisure for the things of culture? What are they seeking in the woods? Is it to pull a few struggling trout

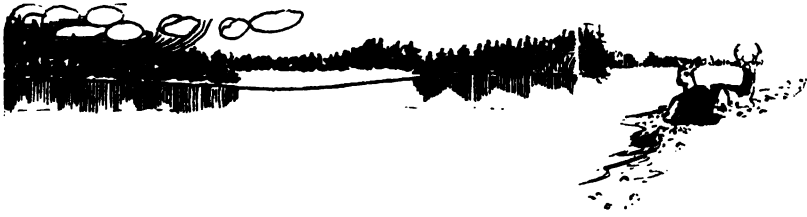
OF THE CAMPFIRE ✦

from the water or to slaughter the great game in its wild solitudes?

The question is easily answered. For a whole year these men have faithfully and unceasingly attended to the duties imposed on them by their several vocations. Now they are tired ; and they turn, not to the seaside or to the fashionable resort, but, with a deeper instinct, to nature and to nature's haunts, to get in touch with her wild, boundless liberty and relaxation. It is freedom which tired men crave, and there is no place like the vast wilderness in which to find it ; for there, away from conflict and worry and midnight labor, away from the stale customs and conventional duties of society, they may turn to nature for recreation as a tired child seeks its mother's arms ; and at night, after their sport is over, and half-enchanted still by her softly whispering voices, be lulled to sleep under the spell of her awe-inspiring quiet and her deathless beauty.

Off for the Woods





THE DEER THAT WORE A TALISMAN.

It was on the trail between McGowan Pond and Pratt Lake Stream, in the northern part of Aroostook County, Maine, the very heart of the game country. Doctor Wilson and his party had camped on the southern shore of Lake Machias to enjoy a week's deer-hunt. The Doctor and his guide, Syd, having left their canoe at the stream overnight, had started early in the afternoon to go over the trail from Lake McGowan to the river. When they had traversed perhaps one-third of the distance, they came to a high hill, rising abruptly from the trail and terminating in a broad plateau; and Syd, unslinging his pack, remarked:

“Right on top er that hill’s the best feedin’-

**The Deer that Wore
a Talisman**



ground in the state er Maine. Thar's deers thar now; 'n ef ye want to see as pretty a sight as thar is in the wilderness 'n git a shot besides, come with me."

The Doctor, squirming out of his own pack and depositing it on a log, indicated his readiness to follow the guide's suggestion; and, with rifles at a trail, they plunged into the thicket, through which they must go to reach the hilltop. It was, as Syd had said, a veritable home for deer. On the hill and below it, as far as the eye could reach, the forest, green and brown in its autumnal beauty, stretched away for miles, unmarred by the axe of the lumberman, uninterrupted even by the trailing smoke from the camp of some solitary hunter—a sturdy forest of northern trees, of yellow birches, rock maples, and above all, beeches, rising in noble symmetry to the majestic height of their primeval dimensions. There was a plentiful crop of beechnuts, the burrs of which had been opened by the recent frosts, so that the ground was literally covered with the pale-brown,

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➦

triangular kernels. Beechnuts are the favorite food of deer, and the great golden leaves which lay on the ground had been pawed over by countless hoofs for many an acre. As the two hunters neared the top of the ridge, Syd, turning cautiously to the Doctor, said:

"Now, don't move a leaf er bend a twig. Don't breathe fer an hour, ef ye can't dew it 'thout makin' any noise; fer the critters hold reg'lar town meetin's here, 'n I want ye to git a crack at the moderator hisself afore we leave the hill."

Slowly and carefully, making their way foot by foot, they clambered to the top. A woodland temple lay before them. The broad plateau of fifty acres, covered with enormous trees, whose massive trunks rose like cylindrical columns into the roof of shadowy foliage, was as level as a floor. Every rod, indeed, every foot of this wide acreage had been trodden over by the deer and bears; every sprig of underbrush was kept eaten down, so that this piece of ground in the middle of the forest was practically an open field, on

The Deer that Wore a Talisman



**The Deer that Wore
a Talisman**



which the leaves were dropping by the thousand. Syd and the Doctor had progressed scarcely ten rods across this plateau when, with a loud snort, a large buck sprung from his bed in the leaves, a few yards ahead of them, and sped proudly away, his graceful form visible from moment to moment between the huge tree-trunks, but never in sight long enough to afford them a target.

"Thar'll be plenty more afore we leave the hill," said Syd; and, in fact, they had gone scarcely three rods farther when he motioned Wilson to his side, and, pointing at the top of a fallen tree, quietly added:

"Thar's a doe ef ye want to take her; she's a big un, 'n ud make right good eatin'."

"No, Syd, I won't shoot a doe; there are plenty of bucks in these woods. We don't need the animal for food, and it is much better to let her live."

They had crept up so quietly on the lee side of the doe that she had got neither scent nor sound, and was standing as calmly as if no man were within miles. It was a beautiful sight. For a mo-

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

ment they watched her in admiration, then made a slight noise to attract her attention; and the next instant she bounded off as only a startled deer can go.

"It's a bit 'arly," said Syd, "fer 'um to git together here to eat; 'n right thar by that big beech is a runway that leads down to the river, strikin' it jest above whar we left the canoe. It runs straight through this hard-wood growth fer tew miles, 'n the deers is jumpin' round on't thicker'n fleas on a dog's back in Feberwery. Now I'll go back fer the packs, 'n you can work along to the river. Go slow; jest loaf along; fer thar's a lot er deers round, 'n ef ye don't make no noise yer more'n likely to git a shot afore ye reach the boat; 'n sartinly ye deserve the biggest buck on 'um all fer not pluggin' that doe jest now, arter ye've hunted like a fisher-cat fer four days runnin' 'thout gittin' a shot. Thar ain't many but ud a killed her; 'n, by gum, yer luck's goin' to turn right here'n now, er I'm a hoodoo. So jest loaf

The Deer that Wore a Talisman



**The Deer that Wore
a Talisman**



along the trail, 'n I tell ye sumptin'll happen afore ye reach the river."

Syd started back for the packs, while the Doctor moved along the trail in the opposite direction. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when a beautiful buck jumped from a clump of ground hemlocks and appeared directly in front of him in the runway. Surprised at the presence of a man, the animal stopped for an instant, as deer invariably will do at any unusual incident. The pose lasted only a second or two; but the time was sufficient for the Doctor's rifle to jump to his cheek, while the report rang out sharp and clear. The deer dropped in his tracks—dead. The bullet had pierced his neck, severing the carotid artery, and the Doctor knew that the end had been painless. Well pleased at the turn of fortune, the lucky hunter sat admiring his trophy, when Syd returned with the packs.

"That's a good un, Doctor! It seems comfortable to hear yer rifle again, fer when it speaks I allers know thar ain't no ammunition bein'

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

wasted, 'n that the bullet's in the right place. It's them chaps that shoot 'n shoot 'n keep on shootin' till they've shot every dum ca't'idge out er thar magazine 'n are fumblin' round in thar pockets fer more that miss thar game. He's a good un; 'n I'm glad ye've got him."

With that he began to dress the deer, when a crackling resounded in the underbrush on the trail of the dead animal. The two sportsmen glanced up quickly, to see another buck coming toward them, crashing and tearing through the forest. Throwing up his gun, and standing partially astride Syd, who was kneeling at his work, the Doctor made ready for a shot. In another instant, a buck of the largest size broke through the underbrush, bounded over a fallen tree; and, catching sight of the hunters as they stood in the trail, came to a stand twenty-five feet from the end of the rifle. His flashing eyes, distended nostrils, and defiant pose told the story. The dead deer had been following a doe, and the second one was trailing him to fight to a finish

The Deer that Wore a Talisman



**The Deer that Wore
a Talisman**



for the possession of the female. Lining his sights full at the animal's breast, Wilson pulled the trigger. An impotent click, such as hunters dread to hear, told him that the cartridge had failed to explode. He at once threw in a second shell, which acted like the first. A third one did the same thing, when the buck, with a defiant snort, turned and plunged away, leaving his would-be captor in as regretful a mood as can well be imagined.

"What in thunder ails that gun?" ejaculated Syd, with a look of profound disgust.

"I don't know, Syd, it never did so before; and why it should now, when that splendid buck was in point-blank range, is more than I can tell."

"At fust, I 'lowed ye was rattled 'n didn't have no shell in yer gun; but when ye throwed it out 'n it fell right in my lap, I knowed sumpthin' outer common had happened; 'n then, when ye kep' the air full on 'um, I knowed ye was pump-in' 'um all right 'n that the d—I was to pay with

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

either the ca't'idges er the gun. Now, which is it?"

"Just give me the shells, and we'll see."

Wilson put the shells into the barrel one after another, when, strange as it may seem, each exploded at the first trial. Syd sat speechless, until at length, giving the Doctor a wise look, he exclaimed:

"I'll tell ye jest what it was: that gorammed buck has got a cross on his forrerd."

"What do you mean, Syd?" asked Wilson, this being to him an entirely new feature in gunning.

"Waal, sir, I'll tell ye. Them old Injun medicine men used to say that thar was bucks in the woods that ye could'nt kill nohow: sed the ha'r was cullud so's to make a cross atween thar eyes; 'n that no matter whar they was er how many was round 'um, sumpthin' ud allers happen so'st they wouldn't git killed. Ef a knife was ticklin' thar throat, the feller that had hold on't ud be paralyzed afore he could make a stab; ef a bow'n arrow was p'inted at 'um, the arrow'd be a

The Deer that Wore a Talisman



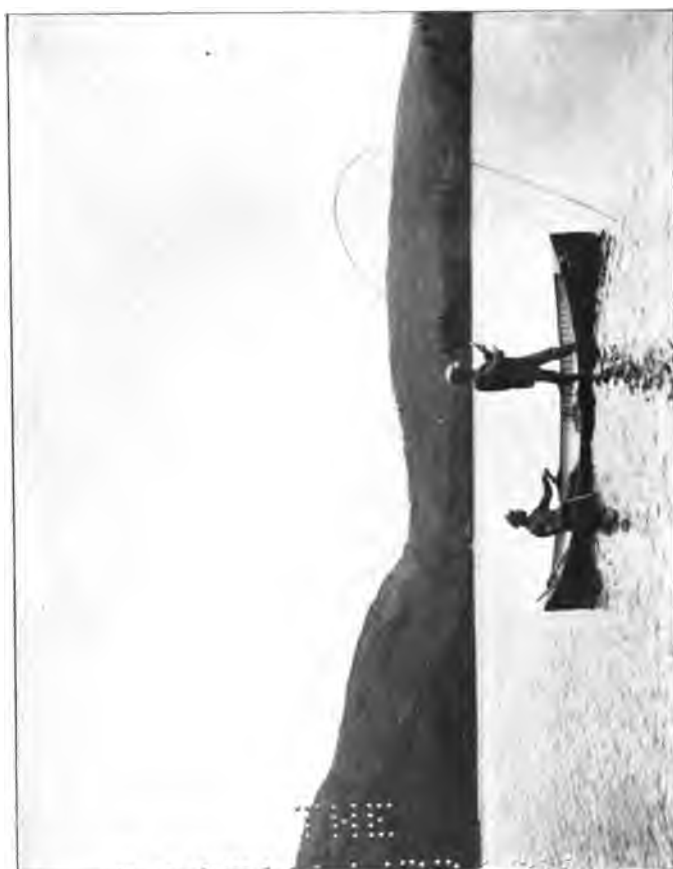
**The Deer that Wore
a Talisman**



crooked un 'n sheer off; ef 'twas a gun, sump-thin' ud happen, same as jest now; 'n I tell ye, ef either er them shells had gone off, yer gun ud er busted, er ye'd missed yer aim, er sumpthin' else uncommon ud er took place; but ye can't kill that buck, fer he's got a cross in his forrerd as sure's a parson wears a high dickey."

At the moment, the Doctor was half inclined to believe in the superstition of the guide. His gun had never missed before; and the three shells which failed to explode when they were needed had gone off at the first fall of the hammer afterward. What was the meaning of the strange occurrence?

That night he lay awake in his bunk, thinking over every possible reason for the phenomenon. The firing-pin might have become slightly gummed, or a bit of hemlock might have lodged between it and the shells. As he puzzled over the problem, the scene of the afternoon came vividly before him. Again he encountered the lordly animal in the fastnesses of its sylvan home;



ROTORHOUT
BOAT

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

again he heard the underbrush crashing at its resistless charge; again he saw it tear through the forest and stand, erect and fearless, before its would-be slayer, its stately form yet more imposing in the passion of savagery and its daring purpose manifest in its dilated, bloodshot eyes; again he heard its contemptuous snort of challenge; again he felt the inexpressible thrill of the hunter as he faces his quarry and pulls the trigger; and in his reverie he realized that his feelings had undergone a change. At the time, he had been disappointed at the deer's escape; in the recollection, it gave him a sense of pleasure. It is the excitement of the chase, the skill and caution which one must exert, which give zest to hunting; and there is no sportsman worthy of the name who can look upon his trophy, which but a moment before was so full of motion and of grace, without having mingled with the pleasure and the pride at his capture a feeling of regret that such a triumph must be purchased at the cost of life. By a rare combination of circumstances, he had

The Deer that Wore a Talisman



The Deer that Wore a Talisman



been permitted without that price to enjoy the excitement to the full. No animal combines the most delicate beauty with such prodigious strength as does the deer; none is so suggestive of the mystery and the poetry of life. It is truly the monarch of the forest; and one of the most magnificent specimens of its kind had stood before him while he had put three shells into his gun and three times pulled the trigger. What more could he ask, except to see the noble animal dead at his feet; and to know that he, to prove his marksmanship and his good fortune, had laid low the antlered head, had quenched the fiery purposes, and had bereft the fleet muscles of their life? As it was, the deer had bounded away in happy freedom; and the hunter, as he lay in his bunk and looked up into the peaceful night, rejoiced that the incident had turned out better than he had planned.

A Good Catch and a Little Thunder



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A GOOD CATCH AND A LITTLE THUNDER.

"Say?"

"Well?"

"Want to go fishin'?"

"That's what I'm here for."

"Willin' to walk?"

"How far?"

" 'Bout one look, tew hoots, 'n a holler, as a feller from South Kerliny 't I guided once used to say."

"Yes; but which way is the look?"

"Right acrost the inlet."

"Then you mean we're to go about a mile beyond the summit of those hills?"

"Exackly; five mile in all."

"Easy trail?"

**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



"Part on't easy; rest tough."

"Stay all night?"

"Sure."

"Any fish?"

"Ye don't think I'd take ye thar ef they wa'n't none, I hope?"

"Stream or lake?"

"Neither one; pond."

"How soon can we start?"

"'Bout how long'll it take ye to change yer boots 'n pack yer kit?"

"Ten minutes."

"Then we can start in ten minutes."

Syd had come in from the Kennebago country to meet Wilson and Brooks at Long Pond; and on the afternoon of his arrival, to use an expression of his own, had "fired" this proposal for a fishing excursion.

While he was getting together the necessary provisions and storing them in his pack, his companions hastily prepared their tackle and put on their tramping shoes. All were soon ready for

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

the start; the boat was launched from the float; and with Syd at the oars and the Doctor at the paddle, they started at an easy swing up the lake. In half an hour they had crossed over to the inlet, and after paddling against its gentle current for half a mile, came to a large spruce, at which the trail to their destination began. The boat was taken from the water and turned bottom up in the bushes bordering the stream; the two friends took up their rods and creels; and Syd, with a graceful motion, swung the pack upon his shoulders and led the way into the forest.

Guided by the blazes on the trunks of the trees, they followed the trail at a leisurely gait for an hour, when Syd, slipping out of his pack and laying it on the ground, said, as he stepped to a cool spring which bubbled up from under a projecting boulder:

“Waal, I guess we’d better stop here ’n kinder git our wind. I know it’s a big recommend, but here’s one er the best springs er water the Lord ever pumped up through the ’arth. I’ll git yer

A Good Catch and a Little Thunder



**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



dippers out er the pack, 'n while yer samplin' nater's brewin', I'll git a fire a-goin' 'n fix ye a cup er tea that'll make the rest er this trail seem like a path er roses through the land er Paradise."

Brooks and the Doctor drank deeply of the delicious water, and added their recommendations to the guide's. After tea, Syd rose, and glancing at the clouds, which hung dull and low, said:

"I guess, ef ye've finished yer tea, we'll be movin'. The lean-to that don't let in the rain when it knocks to-night'll have to be a tight un, 'n I ain't got no time to spare, fer it's goin' to be dark 'arly, and 'nless the signs be wrong,—which I think they ain't,—ye'll hear a lively tune on the ruff afore ye git yer supper et."

With this he slid into the straps of his pack, picked up his axe, and they resumed the trail. Soon they reached the top of the hill—the end of the "look." The rest of the way was down grade, and they went over it rapidly, arriving at the shore of the pond an hour before sunset.

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

"Now," said Syd, squirming out of his pack again, "thar wa'n't never no boat on this pond, but I left a raft here a year ago, 'n I'll scout round 'n see ef I can't find it, 'n ef I can, I want yew fellers to ketch fish enough fer supper; 'n to git up an appetite, I'll build a lean-to 'n cut some wood fer the night."

Accordingly he started off, and presently returned, navigating the heavy raft, which he had found a quarter of a mile down the shore. Meanwhile his companions had hurriedly put together their tackle, and were ready to embark long before he could bring his unwieldy craft to land between the tree-capped boulders.

He had scarcely time to gain a firm foothold on the shore when they leaped on the raft and poled out twenty or thirty rods. Trout were jumping everywhere, and in their eagerness for the sport the anglers forgot the gathering clouds until, when they had taken about two dozen great fellows and were still busily at work, the rain began to fall in torrents.

A Good Catch and a Little Thunder



**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



"What a terrible night to stay in the woods!" exclaimed Brooks, who was not used to such experiences.

A moment later, they heard Syd calling:

"'Tain't no use to fish when it's rainin' like this: they wouldn't even rise to mince pie 'n dough-nuts; 'n yew fellers better come in 'n git dry."

On landing, they found that Syd had built a lean-to, protected the ends with green boughs, and covered the whole with spruce bark. He then kindled a huge pile of wood in front of it; and soon the fire mounted from bough to bough, hissing and crackling, as if it would snap its fingers at the storm, while the agreeable warmth penetrated to every corner of the humble lodge. The two fishermen found it hard to realize that so frail a shelter protected them from the fierce storm raging outside.

Syd continued to cut wood until he had enough for the night within easy reach of the lean-to. At length he came in.

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

"You're wet through and through, Syd," said Brooks, making room for him in front of the fire.

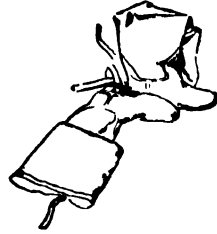
"My clo'se be, but I ain't," was his suggestive reply.

Syd emptied the water from his rubber boots, and glanced meaningly at Brook's flask.

The rain beat spitefully on the roof of the lean-to, but the fragile structure was so well built that not a drop came through. The fire roared as it fed on the great logs, making the little camp as light as day, and sending its glow far out into the darkness.

Inside the camp a feast was in preparation. Wilson was dressing trout; and Syd, having brought a large stone from the margin of the lake, heated it in the fire, and very soon began to bake a corn-cake. Meanwhile, over a few coals drawn from the main fire, the tea was steeping, and the frying-pan was bubbling merrily, its smoke, fragrant and full of promise, rising before the hungry fishermen as delightful incense before the nostrils of pagan deities.

**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



"What have you in that dipper beside the tea-pot?" asked the Doctor, noticing a recent addition to that part of the "kitchen."

"Yew jest wait," answered the guide, suddenly grown laconic, and all the while stirring a mysterious batter in a birch-bark tray.

The first pan of trout was now done; the corn-cake was brown and crisp; and spreading a large piece of birchbark on the ground, the Doctor and Brooks beamed in anticipation of festal dainties.

Syd fried fish while they ate them; piece after piece of corn-cake and butter disappeared; trout



OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

after trout went the way that all good trout should go; and the sportsmen were preparing to light their cigars, when Syd called out:

"Hold on thar: yew fellers ain't through yit!"

A batter was smoking on the flat stone.

"What on earth have you there?"

"Flap-jacks."

"What!"

"Flap-jacks."

"That explains the extra tray of batter."

"O for some syrup!"

"I've got it."

"Got what?"

"Syrup."

"Don't joke, Syd; this is a serious matter."

"Waal, here ye be."

And Syd, grown in their eyes to the stature of a benefactor to his race, laid before them a piece of birch-bark piled high with "flap-jacks," and taking the mysterious dipper from the fire, revealed half a pint of syrup made by melting brown sugar in a little water.

A Good Catch and a Little Thunder



**A Good Catch
and a
Little Thunder**



Ye connoisseurs, who in elaborate dining-rooms gloat over emaciated buckwheat cakes, could ye have seen those generous "flap-jacks" swimming in nectar, could ye have devoured them from birch-bark plates in the frail lean-to on that dark and stormy night in the heart of the wilderness, surely ye had imagined yourselves in the Valhalla!

"Syd, I want to engage you for the next three hundred years," said Brooks, gaining the mastery over a huge piece of "flap-jack" saturated with butter and syrup.

"It will be a warm job, Syd," remarked the Doctor, at the beginning of his third campaign, and with no hint as yet of Moscow or of Waterloo.

"I was thinkin' the rocks ud heat handy," returned the guide, with a smile.

The victory over the "flap-jacks" won, they lay back upon the boughs, while the smoke from their cigars mingled with that of the camp-fire and the aromatic perfume of tobacco blended

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with the odors of the balsam and the pine. Laughter succeeded to feasting, and drowsiness followed on laughter; and there, under the sombre spruces, in the frail house of half an hour's construction, they slept amid the pelting rain as soundly as if in their comfortable bedrooms at home.

* * * * *

"By the jinglin' jinks, that's a good un!"

Wilson's eyes came suddenly open at Syd's words. It was morning, and the first feeble rays of sunlight penetrated the fog, which hung thick and heavy over the little lake, sufficiently to enable him dimly to see the guide as he stood outside the lean-to, peering into the mist.

"What's up, Syd?" he asked, springing from his blanket.

"A big trout's up most er the time down thar't the mouth er that little brook—thar he is agin!—'n 's it'll be sun-up in half an hour, ye'd better git the kinks out er yer back 'n the twists out er yer line, 'n pole out thar whar they be; fer when

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and a
Little Thunder**



the sun gits at this fog in 'arnest, it'll make short work on't, 'n then it's good-bye to fishin'. It's cleared off in the night 'n 's goin' to be a hot mornin'; so ef ye don't want to lose a good chance ye'd better jump on to yer raft 'n be arter 'um."

Brooks had joined them during this speech.

"The only thing to do to our toilet being to stretch," said he, "I don't see why we need lose any time. Come on, Doctor! get the sticks out of your eyes, and we'll give them a try while Syd gets breakfast; and if it's anything like the supper he gave us last night, I'd be willing to stop the best day's fishing I ever had for it."

Pushing off the raft, and securing it at casting distance from a deep hole scooped by the eddying waters at the mouth of the little brook, the anglers began their day; and the soft swish of their leaders alternated with the harsher splash of the trout, as they rose greedily for the flies whose gaudy plumage lured them to destruction. The Doctor and Brooks worked as fast as they could, and were not sorry to hear Syd's cheery

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call to breakfast. The sun now came out, warm and welcome after the somewhat chilly air of the morning.

"That sun's a weather breeder," said Syd, looking at the sky critically.

"A what?" asked Brooks, to whom this was a novel expression.

"A weather breeder. We'll git all kinds afore night."

"Nonsense; this is a glorious morning, and after the heavy rain of last night we're sure of a beautiful day."

"Waal, we'll see," returned Syd, "but I tell ye this pond 'n the hills about it is the storehouse fer the whole weather bureau. Thar's any 'n all kinds on tap here. Ef they want an east wind in Boston, they send here and git it; ef they're in need of a good healthy cyclone fer Kansas, here 'tis; 'n thunder-showers!—Say, Doctor, jest think a minute 'n see ef ye ever spent a single day 't Long Pond 'thout hearin' it thunder up here sumwhars?"

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After breakfast, Syd resumed the subject. "Now I think," he concluded, "that ef yer satisfied with yer fishin' we'd better be on the way to camp. We ain't goin' to git out er this place any tew 'arly, fer thar's sartinly trouble brewin' up aloft, 'n I'd like to git out afore the weather clerk pulls the cork."

Accordingly they packed up, and started on the return trail. They were still toiling and sweltering up the sides of the mountain, and had almost reached the top, which marked their first mile, when suddenly a cloud seemed to lift from the mountain itself, and rest, dense and black, upon its summit, obscuring the sun and shutting off the world.

"Ye've got to strain yer buttons to git ahead er storms round here," said Syd. "Here comes one on 'um, 'n it's goin' to be a corker!"

Syd's wisdom was applauded by a deafening crash in mid-air directly above them. There are no pauses between the acts in these mountain dramas, and the thunderbolt was succeeded im-

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mediately by great slant lines of rain and hail. No mutterings, no grumblings, no sullen pouting: the thunder-storm came like a burst of anger, crash after crash and peal on peal, until the reverberations mingled their wrath into one continuous, deafening, air-splitting roar, while the rain and hail tore up the ground in fury. The little group, by Syd's direction, made for the centre of an opening near by; and, huddling together, held up their rod-cases and were stretching the Doctor's rubber cape over them, when, with a fearful explosion, a hemlock, twenty rods to their left, shivered and reeled as a great bough bore to the earth, splitting the trunk for many a yard; and, almost immediately afterward, a gigantic pine on their right burst into a sheet of flame. The noise of the hailstones on the rubber drowned all else, so that the travelers, bombarded in their narrow retreat, heard nothing more of the thunder. Brooks was inspired to liken the storm to "the artillery of heaven."

"The artil'ry er heaven!" grunted Syd, in great

A Good Catch and a Little Thunder



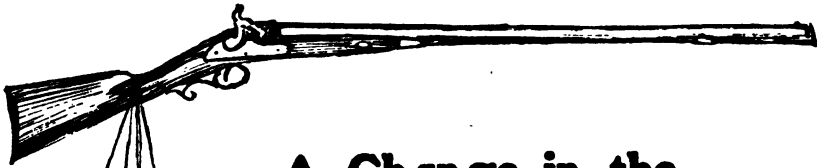
**A Good Catch
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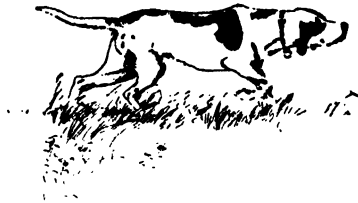
disgust, "Ef this ain't the blowin' up er the magazines er hell, then thar ain't no hell!"

The storm ended as quickly as it had begun; and the three drenched individuals, thankful that the siege was safely over, emerged from under their rubber tent, and took up the trail through the dripping forest. On reaching the shores of the lake, where they could look back on the mountain, glowing with the warmth of a June day, it seemed hard to realize that it had so lately been the scene of a tempest of unusual violence.

Their trip of twenty-four hours had been a succession of hardships, but gradually the recollection of the storms, the drenching, the laborious tramp, passed into insignificance before their enthusiasm over the splendid catch and the memorable supper; and when they reviewed their novel experience together in the winter evenings, they found that the disagreeable features of the trip had faded away, the pleasant ones had become brighter, and that the memory of the whole was delightful.



A Change in the Program



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A CHANGE IN THE PROGRAM.



On returning from his rounds one day, Doctor Wilson found the following letter on his office desk:

"C——, MAINE, Sept. 16, 1901.

DEAR JACK:

I have snatched a few days from Washington and its pleasures, the senators, the bustle, the electric lights, and the endless grind at my desk in the pension department, and come up here to the woods, the stars, the quiet, and our mother. Can't you slip the noose too, and come to the old homestead for a week? We all want to see you; and you and I will gun over the ground where we used to hunt as boys. I want to see if you have forgotten as completely as I have how to shoot.

Affectionately your brother,
DAN."

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The Doctor accepted the invitation gladly, and arrived at the farm the next day.

That evening, in the cozy, familiar sitting-room, his thoughts went back to his boyhood, when he had shared with Dan a muzzle-loading fowling-piece of 16 gauge—their especial pride. It weighed about three pounds and would not kill a partridge at more than ten yards. With a smile, he glanced at his hammerless “Colt,” which stood in the corner of the room, in perfect order. Dan’s “Parker,” in another corner, seemed to him to be inviting it to a friendly contest, as Dan had invited him. He secretly determined that on the morrow both the gun and its owner should be satisfied.

The next day dawned clear and mellow; and soon after sunrise they harnessed the family horse to the buggy and put in their traps for the day’s sport. Wilson’s pointer, Duke, seemed fully to understand the situation, and was as impatient as they were to be afield.

After a ride of about two miles, they pulled up

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by the roadside, a short distance from an alder run, in which a brood of woodcocks had hatched the summer before. Hardly had they reached the alders, when Duke's nose caught the trail of an old bird, which had been boring for worms in the early morning.

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"Take your station in that little open space to the left," directed the Doctor, "and I will follow Duke. He is on a hot trail, and there'll be something in the air by the time you're ready."

A minute later, as he had predicted, Duke stiffened, his nose indicating that the game was in a bunch of alders not ten feet in front of him. Taking his own position a little to Duke's right, he sent the dog in. A woodcock broke cover with a loud whir; and, passing Dan at right angles, was fairly missed. It sailed away over the road, and settled in a clump of pines, 200 yards to their right.

"Thought you came here to shoot!" the Doctor ejaculated.

Dan slipped a new cartridge into his gun, ad-

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dress himself meanwhile in language so unparliamentary that it is better not chronicled.

"I want to try that fellow just once more," he said, as he started for the pines.

They were soon in the vicinity of the woodcock; and Duke, after expressing his disgust in mute, but easily understood, dog language, generously undertook to put the game up again. He straightened beautifully in the open, fifty yards from the trees, then began cautiously to make his way in the direction of the bird, stopping just as he reached the shadow of the woods. Wilson was sure he had the game fastened directly ahead of him.

"Now, look out for him this time," he said, "When he goes up, he is going high, and it will be a quick shot that stops him."

Duke went in at the word; the woodcock immediately flushed, going toward Dan, who, this time, made a centre shot, dropping the bird before he had quite cleared the underbrush.

Returning to the run, Duke, whose confidence in them had been restored, began to work along the

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side of a low brush fence, and soon stiffened, when an old partridge, with much fuss and noise, rose and flew directly away, giving the Doctor a beautiful straight-away shot. The Doctor did not refuse the offer, and dropped the bird just as he was passing behind a pine top, at a distance of seventy yards. This was a fine beginning, and both the hunters felt the keen anticipation of a good day's sport.

They had gone but a short distance farther before Duke was trailing in some tall grass beside a little stream. The next instant a sharp whistle and rush of wings announced a woodcock, and a brown streak shot past them. Dan unhooked just in season to own the bird, for in another second his brother would have fired.

"Well, that is robbery clearly enough," the Doctor remarked.

"You're not a quick shot, anyway," was the good-humored reply.

Duke soon came to another point, and at the word started an old woodcock, which passed the

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Doctor at right angles unharmed, although he gave it both barrels.

"No robbery that time," said Dan, slyly.

"Tenderheartedness," the Doctor explained.

They now worked down the run for nearly a mile, getting one or two good shots on the way. Duke was acting beautifully; he had not passed a bird; nor had he flushed one without orders.

"Now," said Dan, "let's go back and see if we can find the old fellow on which you wasted so much valuable ammunition. I think I know exactly where he is; and, if I mistake not, we will have him up within ten minutes."

Approaching a clump of alders, Duke started directly at right angles to their intended course, and with his nose in the air went straight for a big stone heap in the open. There seemed to be no reason for his behavior; nevertheless, his owner had perfect confidence in him.

"That dog of yours is going to flush a calf," suggested Dan.

"You needn't get uneasy yet," the Doctor re-

torted. "He's not pointing in your direction."

Duke kept straight on, and passing the stone-heap, came to a point in a bunch of ferns, at least fifty yards from where he had first lifted his nose. Wilson sent him in; a bird flushed at once; and this time, remembering what his delay before had cost him, the Doctor succeeded in getting in the first shot and capturing the game.

"Look at the pup!" cried Dan, bringing his gun to a "ready."

There stood Duke, stiff as a marble statue, and trembling in every fibre. Although one bird had gone up within twenty feet of him and had been shot, he still kept his ground like a Spartan, with another "nailed" within ten feet of his nose.

"Look out!" the Doctor cautioned. "He's got another, sure."

"I don't think so," returned Dan. "No dog in the world would stand like that after flushing a bird and seeing it killed."

"I advise you to get ready to shoot," said the Doctor, "for Duke is doing one of the most beau-

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tiful and at the same time most difficult acts possible for a dog to do: without breaking his point, he is holding a second bird after the first is shot."

"If he is doing that I'll give you two hundred—"

He did not complete his offer. Wilson had motioned Duke in; and with a bound he flushed an old woodcock half as large as a partridge. They each got in a shot, dropping him twenty feet from the spot where he rose.

The sport was somewhat dull for the next hour. Wilson was working Duke in a little clump of hemlocks when a subdued "halloo" came from Dan's direction. The Doctor answered in kind, and Dan called to him, saying:

"Come here a minute, Jack; here is something that will interest you".

Wilson broke through the underbrush, and went up to Dan. He found him sitting on a log under a patriarchal oak, with his face resting on his hand, his eyes cast down, and his gun lying

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upon the ground. He beckoned the Doctor to his side.

"Do you remember this place?" he asked, with the slightest tremor in his voice.

The Doctor did remember it. There are some things that we do not forget—things that, like the great stars, go onward with us and are always over our lives. They had unconsciously come out on a corner of the little farm where they were born. That giant oak was the tutelar tree of their childhood: a hundred times had its wide-spreading branches shaded them when, tired with their running, they had lolled on the soft, restful moss about its tumbling roots; a hundred times had its wrinkled trunk listened in grave confidence to their whispered secrets and to their childish ambitions, and it had kept them safe—locked in its druid heart. And then memory, with her deft touch, removed the years; and they were again playing and romping in barefooted glee about its base; again they were shouting in merriment through the far woodland: the sports

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of the man had become fleeting and idle—the figments of a dream—and the sports of the boy were real.

“Let’s go down to the old house,” said Dan, and they went forward in silence.

A moment’s walk brought them to the clearing. There, in front of them, stood their first home—now deserted, its unpainted clapboards grooved and warped by storms and mossgrown by time; its great chimneys tottering nervously on their foundations; its windows desolate and paneless; but, for all that, endeared to them as the cradle of their boyhood, and indelibly associated with their father. From its front door, nearly forty years before, in the tragic days of ’64, they had seen him, in the uniform which at the time appeared to them so gay and grand, march away to the defence of his country, to fall four months afterward on the bloody field of Pleasant Hill. Truly, the place was teeming with memories.

As they reached the yard, the Doctor caught sight of a pathway leading to a gate which opened



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into a meadow beyond. Once it was level and well-kept; now the days of its busy usefulness were long since past, the marks of care were obliterated, even the path itself had nearly vanished, and nature, the present tenant of the old homestead, had grown a multitude of rank weeds on the sacred spot, in token of her absolute and undivided possession.

"Dan, do you remember father?"

"But very vaguely, Jack."

The Doctor pointed at the path.

"I remember well, how, the morning of his departure for the front, he walked back and forth, up and down this path, holding you in his arms and shaking with great sobs, as he cursed the circumstances which had brought about a war which tore men from their families and loved ones from their homes. Mother was lying sick at the time, with a baby at her breast."

"O yes! the little fellow that died."

"A year after father. We had left here then, and were at the little farm on the river road."

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"I don't see how mother kept us five together. Even Hal was only thirteen, not old enough to help her much. I should think the odds would have been overpowering."

"So they would, except to a mother's love. You were only four, and don't remember those days. She threw her whole life into the scale for us, Dan. I remember how she worked early and late, destitute, half-clothed, half-fed, even going out into the fields to work with the farm laborers, besides looking after the house and attending to all our needs."

"Poor mother!"

"No one ever honored the name at greater sacrifice."

"Say, Jack, we don't do half enough for her now."

"To my shame I know it. Nevertheless, she tells me that your letters always have something besides sentiment in them."

"And where do the boxes of good things that she gets every little while come from?"

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"Well, it isn't half enough."

"No, it isn't."

"Do you remember how, when she was sewing or knitting on the long winter evenings, she would suddenly burst out crying, and we would ask her what it was all about?"

"We wouldn't have to ask her now," Dan answered.

"No, we know more than we did then."

"I suppose that, like most children, we were thoughtless."

"Probably."

"Did you notice what she said to us this morning when we started?"

"Told us to have a good time, but to get home before dark."

"Probably she's just watching the clock and counting the hours."

"Quite likely."

"Do we know any more than we used to?"

The question started a train of thought in the Doctor's mind. After all, did they know more

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than when they were children? Had the years, which had brought them strength and purpose and a knowledge of the ways of life, brought them also wisdom? Years ago, while their mother was toiling to keep her family together and from want, the woods had echoed to their careless laughter. Now she was old and feeble; she had spent her strength for them, and was sitting alone as they had left her in the morning, clinging to life with her frail hold, that she might see her children prosper. Had her pleasures increased? Here, in the little visit to her which they had snatched from their business, here, in her meagre holiday, were they acting much more wisely or much more thoughtfully than in that rollicking heyday of long ago, when they knew no better?

With smiting force the words that she had said at parting with them came back to his ears: "Have a good time, boys, and get home before dark." The same unselfish devotion to their happiness; the same blithe, cheery tones, a little cracked perhaps; the same loving smile, wan

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once with care, wan now with age; the same true, patient soul. Yet involuntarily she had slipped in the words, "get home before dark." Ah! that was the cherished wish, that was the deep under-current—to see them while she might. Probably she was sitting in her chair by the lonely fireside, longing for their return.

The Doctor picked the shells from his gun. Dan must have divined his reverie, for he immediately followed his example; and Duke, who had come with them and stood quietly by, as if sobered by their thoughts, licked their hands and gazed into their faces intelligently, approvingly.

"What's the nearest cut over to where we left the team?"

"Right through that blackberry growth."

"From there isn't the shortest way home across by the Ridley farm?"

"Yes."

"Come on!"

A Change in the Program





Syd Settles an Important Question

THE
GOLF BAG
GOLF BAG
GOLF BAG

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SYD SETTLES AN IMPORTANT QUESTION



Syd the guide is a debater. He is never obtrusive, but if given an opportunity in the way of suggestion, he is by no means slow to express his convictions; and the quaint philosophy and lucid argumentation of his never-failing camp-fire harangues are always amusing to his hearers, and frequently contain a kernel of solid, original thought.

Our five hunters were sitting under the lean-to enjoying their after-supper pipes, with a cheery fire burning briskly in front of them. Syd sat gazing into the glowing flame, seemingly unconscious of the presence of his party, when one of the number accosted him with,

“What’s on your mind, Syd?”

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Question**



That simple question was sufficient. Syd uncrossed his feet, recrossed them, spat in the fire, tipped his cap back upon his head, and laconically replied,

“Not much.”

Then, after a moment's further contemplation of the blaze before him, he went on:

“Ef ye must know I'll tell ye, 'n it's a subject I've thought about a good deal ever sence I guided a couple er fellers fer a week last summer.

“Thar wa'n't much guidin' tew it, fer they didn' dew nothing but sissy round 'n eat gruel 'n lay plans fer refommin' all God's creation. Neither one on 'um could eat er corn-cake er a hot biscuit 'thout havin' 'pendicitis: jest et old bread 'n canned milk, 'n arterwuds gulluped up wind 'n took peppermint 'n found fault with thar neighbors.

“One on 'um was a minister 'n the other an editer; n' thar endeavors seemed to center on morals 'n politics. The minister agreed to the

editor's politics; 'n the editor said his morals was er the same quality as the samples that the parson was showin', but jest how much on't ud wash I ain't quite settled on.

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"Waal, they got to talkin' one day about the cruelty er sports, 'n said as how they didn' b'lieve in killin' deer 'n partridges 'n sich. Said 'twas murderous 'n hardhearted 'n that men had no right to dew it, etsettry. The editor showed me a piece that he writ 'n put in his paper about gunners; 'n he didn't leave 'um in the shape er nuthin'; said they was low 'n brutish 'n that it wa'n't necessary to have a gun on yer shoulder to be a man, 'n that good citizens was disgusted with sich things, 'n all the like er that.



"I heerd it fer a while, but arter a time I sorter felt riled up like, 'n I jest turns on the parson, sorter gentle, 'n says:

" 'Beggin' yer pardon, yer reverence,' says I, 'dew ye think thar's any better meat on 'arth than a nice piece er venison?'

" 'Tew be sure,' says he.

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"That was jest the answer I was arter, 'n so I as't him what kind in pertickler.

" 'Waal,' he says, 'a nice piece er roast lamb is, I think, about the best, though a beef roast is good. I'm very fond, tew,' he says, 'of a well-cooked veal pie—yis, 'n a lamb pie fer that matter.'

" 'Yis,' says the editor, ' 'n they're a good deal better when ye raise 'um yerself 'n know jest how they've been fed. I own a small farm jest outer town 'n raise my own chickens 'n calves, 'n I tell ye,' says he, 'that I git diff'rent meat than what ye buy in the markets.'

" 'Yis,' said the parson, 'the piece er veal yew sent to me last year was about the sweetest meat I ever et. I remember that calf tew. Ye know that day that I took my children out to yer farm to tea 'n they played with the little feller till they was all tired out? The calf seemed to enjiy the fun jest as well's the boys did; 'n when we come away Freddie cried 'cause I wouldn't buy it 'n take it home. That bossy was a handsome little

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feller,—big eyes 'n a white spot in his face. How much was he wuth?'

"'I could er sold him to the butcher fer eight dollars. I got ten fer the one I sold, but he was bigger'n this one, 'n that's why I sold him instead er the one I et.'

"'Ain't the skin worth sumpthin'?' as't the parson.

"'O yis, I got a dollar'n a half fer it,' said the editor, "'n take that with the milk we sell 'n it almost pays the keepin' er the cows. They don't give much milk fer a while arter ye sell the calves off—jest stand 'n beller, ye know; but arter a week er tew they begin to git quiet like 'n give down again.'

"'Who do yet git to dress off yer meat?' as't the parson, his mouth a waterin'.

"'O, my man John worked fer a butcher once, 'n so I have him dew it. I most allers gwout myself 'n see him operate jest fer pastime; it sorter gives me an appetite, ye know, 'n I feel better to gwouter town now'n then.'

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“Waal, sir, I was a gittin’ riled all the time. Them fellers had set round fer a week doin’ nothin’ but read books ’n admire the birds ’n talk about the sunsets, ’n find fault with everybody but theirselves; ’n I was wishin’ right along fer the day’t I’d be through with ’um.

“One mornin’ we was all settin’ on the piazza er the camp, ’n the editor turned to me ’n wanted to know what I thought about it all.

“‘Waal,’ I says, ‘p’r’aps ’tain’t fer an unedicated chap like me tew express myself to sich as ye are.’

“‘O, go ahead, Syd,’ says he, ‘I’m sure ye’ve sum good idees on the subjict, ’n ye needn’t be afraid tew express ’um freely.’

“Waal, I jest thought that p’r’aps my idees wouldn’t set any better’n his victuals did, but when he kept a teasin’ me I thought I might as well sail in ’n unload.

“‘Waal, gents,’ I says, ‘I’ve been a listenin’ ti yer little talk here this mornin’, ’n I’ve listened tew what ye had t’ say about the sports fer the

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past week; 'n sence ye've made both sides er the argyment yerselves ye can't accuse the judge er bein' prejudiced in his decision.

“ ‘Now's I look at it ye men who bring up yer little calves 'n lambs 'n chickens right in yer fambly 'n then slaughter 'um er sell 'um to be slaughtered, 'n then listen fer a week to the moanin' er thar mothers, with no other regret than that ye ain't gittin' quite as much milk to sell as ye orter, 'n who jest fer pastime gwout to see the little fellers have thar throats cut, are a darn sight wuss'n the sports; 'n ef the feller who comes into the woods 'n shoots his game on the impulse is wrong 'n desarves to be condemned, then yew chaps who blame him 'n still eat yer veal 'n lamb orter be hung.

“ ‘I s'pose ye call yer way “business” 'n tharby right. Now 'tain't fer me to say no; but so long's yer considerin' the feelin's er the animal, I'll bet ye a plug er terbacker that any calf er lamb'd rather be shot unawares than stuck deliberate. I don't say that either's right, but these animals

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was put here by the Almighty fer us tew eat, 'n while I admit it's tough on the creeters in a way, it can't be helped—it's nater 'n one er nater's laws; 'n it's a darn sight more human to shoot 'um on the run than to drag 'um half scart to death to the shambles 'n then murder 'um in cold blood.

“ ‘Now again, the sports has made laws protectin' wild animals when they're young 'n also when nater seems to be agin 'um with her snow 'n ice 'n cold. Thar's only a few months in the year when they can be teched, 'n then no one's allowed any advantage over 'um: they can't be ketched 'n scart 'n sliced, but must be shot with a rifle ball—'n Ill leave it tew any fair man which is the nearest right er most merciful. Ef the shootin' er mature animals is murder, then what's the deliberate killin' er little lambs 'n calves 'n so on?

“ ‘In that same paper that the editor here showed me his writin' in, givin' the sports Hail Columby, he's got a piece in the local column

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whar he thanks a gunner fer givin' 'im half a dozen woodcocks, which he says were most delicious, 'n fer which he's under great obligations to that ardent sport 'n kindhearted, generous gentleman, Mr. ———, which don't jest agree with his sentiments as he gives 'um here; 'n that makes me think that it sometimes makes a difference which foot the shoe fits.'

"Waal, by this time they was gittin' summut oneasy: the parson had took on a sorter 'let us pray' expression; 'n the editor looked as ef he wished he hadn't mentioned them woodcocks.

"'Waal,' I says, 'now, gents, ye know pooty near how I stand in the matter, 'n to close up I wanter tell ye a little sumpthin' that happened in my own experience; 'n what the man done that I'm goin' to tell about, *every* true sport that comes to these woods ud dew ef 'twas up tew him.

"'I was guidin' a doctor from up in New Hampshire a few years ago, who was here with

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Question**



a friend er his, 'n they had thar wives with 'um —'n a jolly party they was, tew.

“‘We was a goin’ from place to place 'n livin’ in a tent. We had been in the woods fer over a week, 'n was fifteen miles from any market. Fish was bitin’ slow; 'n we’d got sick on 'um anyway. This was the last week in September; 'n the very last day er the month the doctor said to me that the next mornin’ we’d try 'n git a deer, as we was in great need er meat in camp.

“‘The next mornin’ we started at sunrise, 'n 'twas about as hot a day as we git in July. I felt sure that ef we worked along shore careful we’d git a shot afore makin’ the circuit er the lake whar we was camped.

“‘We’d paddled 'long fer about half an hour when, turnin’ a p’int into a little logan, thar stood a big doe up tew her knees in water, a feedin’ on the lily-pads. The wind was jest right, 'n with the Doctor stretched on his stomach in the bow er the boat I commenced workin’ up to the game.

“‘The deer was full a quarter’v a mile away

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when we sighted her, 'n fer the whole distance I never lifted my paddle from the water, but kept workin' up careful, hardly makin' a motion. I had no fears er missin' the deer, pervided we could git within rifle-shot. I'd seen the Doctor shoot in light 'n darkness, at still 'n runnin' shots, 'n had never yit seen him miss his game; 'n I knowed as bad's we needed meat in camp that his eye wouldn't fail him this time. I felt as sartin er that deer's ef she was already in the boat.

"'Waal, sir, we worked up, 'n as the deer didn't seem to be afraid we got within half rifle-range; 'n I jest give the Doctor the signal by shakin' the boat a little, 'n when I see his face settle to the stock I expected every minute that the gun ud gwoff. But it didn't dew it. Thar stood the deer broadside tew, with the sun shinin' direckly on her, as sure a shot as ever stood afore a gunner; but still the Doctor didn't unhook.

"'Waal, sir, I was puzzled. I give the boat another shake, 'n then, instead er seein' the flame jump from the muzzle er that gun, I see it ele-

Syd Settles an Important Question



**Syd Settles an
Important
Question**



vated high enough to send a bullet over the top er the Kennebago hills; but the Doctor never moved. I couldn't b'lieve 'twas buck fever, 'n still I couldn't b'lieve much else.

““What's struck ye, Doc!” I whispered, reachin' fer my rifle that lay in the bottom er the boat.

““Look right over the top er her shoulders, Syd,” he says, “right side er that spruce-bush.”

““'N what dew ye s'pose I see? By thunder! Thar was a little spotted face jest lookin' outer them bushes, the ears bent forrerd 'n them little brown eyes starin', 'n sayin' jest as plain's an innocent little fawn could say: “What on arth be ye goin' to dew to my mother? Ye won't hurt her, will ye?”

““Waal, sir, I knowed in a minute why the Doctor didn't shoot. Turnin' tew me he says:

““Syd, ain't that a pooty sight? I wouldn't kill that doe fer this whole plantation; 'n sartinly I wouldn't put a bullet into the fawn no quicker'n I'd kill any other baby.”

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

“Jest then the doe gave a jump, 'n, follered by her fawn, started over the hills like a streak. The Doctor jest stood up 'n looked at her, 'n said:

“ ‘Syd, we need meat, but we don't need it bad enough fer that. In town they'd drag that little fawn tew the slaughterhouse, scare him half to death aforehan', 'n then cut his throat deliberate—at least, that's the way they dew to young calves 'n lambs; but we men er the woods ain't made er that kind er stuff. Much sooner will we go to bed hungry to-night than take the life er that mother doe er her baby fawn.’ ”

“Waal, sir,” concluded Syd, replenishing the fire, which had burned low during his narrative, “I heerd no more agin the sports from them fellers. But when I bid 'um good-bye at the depot the parson give my hand a bit of an extra squeeze 'n said:

“ ‘Syd, I've been thinkin' over what ye said the other mornin', 'n the whole thing looks a bit different. Sentiment is all well enough, but I guess it ud be better 'n go further tempered with a good allowance er common-sense.’ ”

Syd Settles an Important Question





GUIDING A GUIDE.

The term "guide," as applied to the horde of men and boys who make a business of conducting sportsmen through the woods and over the lakes of Maine, has little signification. While many intelligent, industrious, and conscientious men obtain a livelihood (and a good one) at this occupation, very many, if not the majority, of the so-called "guides" are of little assistance; and some are absolutely valueless.

The competent guide is a helpmeet indeed. He knows his place and keeps it; he knows his work and does it. He speaks in a respectful manner,

Guiding a Guide



answers all questions in a polite way, and does everything in his power to render your trip pleasant and successful.

The poor guide, on the other hand, is of all abominations the most abominable. He is not only lazy and incompetent; he is by nature a liar and a beggar. He will regale you with rosy tales of impossible bags of game and creels of fish obtained from the very woods or waters where you happen to be gunning or fishing, assigning as a reason for your present failure that you came a little too early, or, possibly, a week or two too late. From first to last he is officious, obtrusive, unbearable; he adds nothing to your pleasure or comfort; and when your engagement is over, is satisfied with nothing less than a liberal cash perquisite and half of your outfit. You feel that it would have been better to pay him in the beginning and then leave him at home.

The following sketch tells how one such "guide" caught a Tartar.

Neal Flanders was his name. His face was

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sinister; his shoulders stooped; his gait was slouchy. He never looked squarely at the person to whom he was speaking; and he had a habit of glancing at you from the corners of his eyes while he kept his face turned away. The feeling of distrust which these traits inspired deepened into actual repugnance when one had once listened to his coarse, vulgar language, or endured his offensive manner. As to woodcraft, he knew little about it: he was clumsy with a boat and lazy in camp; and had evidently chosen the profession of guiding for the sole reason that it was a little less like real work than anything else he could do to get a living.

Guiding a Guide



One summer Dr. Wilson, with two friends, their wives, and three guides, took up his quarters at Long Pond. By a caprice of fate, Neal was Wilson's guide, and pictured to himself his usual "snap." The Doctor, however, had brought with him not only a determination to succeed, but a knowledge of guides; and when, after two days of unsuccessful effort, the party con-

Guiding a Guide



cluded that fishing was a little dull in the neighborhood, he made up his mind that if fish were to be had, he would find them. So, as he sat on the piazza of the camp in the evening, he called Neal to him, and asked :

"Is there no place about here where you and I can go to-morrow and secure a respectable catch of fish?"

"Is thar? Waal, I should say thar is! Ye jest foller me to-morrer mornin', 'n I'll take ye to a pond that's positively alive with trout, 'n inside of an hour ye can fill yer basket."

The Doctor looked at him suspiciously. He was too glib. Nevertheless, he was a guide, and should know his business.

"Very well," said the Doctor, "go to your tent and to bed; have breakfast ready by sunrise; and we will take the trip."

The next morning found them on their way to Beaver Pond. It was August, hot with the fierce heat of the northern summer; but Neal assured his companion that the trail was easy, and that

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

they would reach the pond within two hours. Wilson rather enjoyed the first hour or two of the tramp through the fresh woods; but the trail was an exceedingly hard one, and after a time, he began to tire of walking. He took out his watch; they had been on the road three hours.

"How far is it from here to the pond?" he asked.

"I should think ef we h'isted right along, we'd git thar inside er thirty minutes."

With renewed courage, Wilson again started on the tedious journey. An hour passed; there was no sign of a pond. He turned sharply on the guide.

"Tell me at once, where is the pond and when are we going to get there?"

Neal winced under his keen gaze.

"Waal," he slowly admitted, "tew tell ye the truth, Doctor, I never was over this pertickler trail afore, 'n I expected to've got thar more'n an hour ago, but I b'lieve in a few minutes more we'll bring up on the shores er the pond."

Guiding a Guide



Guiding a Guide



"Why, last night you told me that you knew every detail of this trail and every foot of Beaver Pond. What do you mean?"

"Yis, sir, I dew know all about Beaver Pond, but I come intew it on 'nother trail."

"Very well, we will start again."

At two o'clock they reached the shore of the "pond," which proved to be no pond at all, but a black, muddy stream, two miles long, and in no place more than twenty feet wide, averaging perhaps ten—in fact, nothing else than a bottomless mud-hole. At sight of this unpromising spot, the Doctor was thoroughly out of patience; Neal, however, declared that it was but a few steps to the fishing-ground.

"In heaven's name, bring me where I can catch trout enough for lunch," implored the exhausted Doctor, as he picked up his kit.

"O, we're goin' to git lots of 'um in a few minutes," was the reassuring reply.

Wilson did not believe a word of it, but restrained his anger and followed the guide, who

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led him along the shore of the mud-hole through a well-nigh impenetrable tamarack swamp. For half an hour they wallowed in the morass, now scarcely able to see their way among the thickly growing trees, now stepping on an apparently firm tuft of grass, only to sink into the mire nearly to their hips; and at last came to a small opening, where Wilson called a halt.

Guiding a Guide



"Where are you leading me to?" he demanded

"Waal, I'm goin' to try 'n find some fish."

The Doctor felt a desire to choke the fellow's words in his throat.

"I want you to tell me the truth for once to-day, you scoundrel!" he fairly hissed. "Tell me if you were ever in this part of the country before."

"Yis, sir, I was once." ,

The Doctor's eyes flashed.

"I was here 'bout ten year ago, anyhow," continued Neal, edging away as he spoke. The antagonism between their natures was now fully active, and the weaker began to feel the force of the stronger.

Guiding a Guide



"You either show me good fishing-ground within an hour or take me out of this God-forsaken hole, or you are going to meet more trouble than you ever experienced in your whole lifetime!"

Neal began to get nervous.

"Waal," he said, "ye stay right here 'n I'll go'n see what I can find."

The very tone of his voice betrayed his insincerity; besides, it is an old trick of this class of guides to abandon their employers, and the Doctor saw through it immediately.

"I think I understand you, sir. Where you go I will go; and where I go you shall go. You will now unpack and arrange such lunch as we have; and after we have eaten it and taken a short rest, you will start for home. I shall go no farther after any will-o'-the-wisp or imaginary fishing-ground."

"But—"

"Build a fire, sir!"

While Neal was obeying this order and cook-

ing the pork which they had intended to use in frying trout, Wilson had ample time to review the situation and to plan what was best to do. As nearly as he could judge, he was at least ten miles from camp, with a rough trail to go over; and before he could be ready to move, it would be three o'clock. Although thoroughly tired, he was determined to reach camp before dark. Of course, fishing was the last thing to be thought of, even though they should stumble upon good ground.

Guiding a Guide



Neal now announced that lunch was ready; and in silence they ate their supply of pork, which, with the biscuits in the basket, made a respectable meal. It was high time to eat, for the Doctor felt faint, and the sultry air was overpowering him. The food gave him new strength and courage, and he asked the guide if he knew of any nearer route by which to strike the trail than to follow the way they had come by the shore of the "pond."

Neal pointed at a tall pine standing half a mile down the stream.

Guiding a Guide



"Right thar, sir, at that p'int, by that pine tree, is the other end er the trail we've been a follerin'; 'n we can git back away from the shore outer them tam'racks, 'n we'll soon strike the trail fer home 'n steer clear er the swamp."

It looked reasonable; and when they reached the tree the signs of a trail were clearly visible. The Doctor started out on it, full of hope that at least he would reach home by dark. After going two or three miles, he failed to notice various landmarks he had noted in the morning, according to his custom in going through the woods. Sitting on a log and calling the guide to him, he inquired:

"Are we on the right trail?"

"Sure."

"What have you seen to give you this assurance?"

"Everything: here's this tree 'n thar's that stun."

"Neal," said the Doctor, "when we came in we passed a big boulder, beside which I built a

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camp-fire while on a deer-hunt two years ago; one hundred rods from that there was a large pine blown across the trail; and just beyond that, the spring from which we drank. We should have passed those things a mile back;—how do you explain it?”

Guiding a Guide



“Waal, sir, I noticed them things, tew, as we come in; but we ain’t reached ’um yit.”

Wilson knew that the fellow was lying. He was sure that they were on the wrong trail; for they had passed none of the marks which he had noticed on the way in; on the other hand, two or three otter traps, which he had certainly never seen before, were set a little distance back,—in fact not one object was familiar. Everything was strange; they were lost. What was he to do? He would not follow this ignorant and faithless guide farther on this unknown trail. It was now after four o’clock, and if darkness overtook him and he had to camp out in the wilderness, his wife would be almost distracted: probably searching parties would be out all night.

Guiding a Guide



By observing the positions of the sun and the bearings of the compass throughout the day, he had kept their general course well in mind, and knew that they should be going in a northwesterly direction. He placed his compass on a log. At first, the instrument failed to work, but he soon discovered the cause of this: his rifle lay against the log and within three feet of the needle. After he had carried the gun away, the compass indicated that they were traveling southwest. According to his calculations, if they were to go directly north, they would come out either at Long Pond or on the road between Phillips and Range-ly. He called his companion's attention to this fact.

By this time, Neal had quite recovered his natural arrogance.

"I never took no stock in them d—d compasses anyhow; they don't amount to nothin'. I know jest exactly whar I'm goin'; 'n I'm goin' to keep right straight on. I ain't goin' to be turned off by no fool machin'ry."

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♦

Neal had the impression that he had one of "them wuthless city chaps" at a disadvantage and could browbeat him into submission, but he was mistaken in his man. Catching up his rifle, the Doctor threw a shell into the barrel, and confronted the astonished guide, covering his breast with the muzzle, while he quietly said :

"You have been lying to me all day. Your claim to be a competent guide is a lie. Now, one of two things is going to take place : either, without further talk, you will go just where I say, or I purpose to start a graveyard right here, and your worthless carcass will be the first one to occupy it. From this time, we will change places. I am the guide, and I am going north. I shall not camp out over night, nor shall I go alone. You are going with me, because I choose to have you go ; and you will do so without a word of impudence and without deviating a foot from the path I dictate, or I will put a bullet through you, so help me God !"

Then he added :

Guiding a Guide



Guiding a Guide



"You may go to that log and sit down."

Pale and trembling, Neal obeyed. Wilson made another careful observation, and facing the guide, said:

"You see that big hemlock fifty rods ahead? That is due north. You start for that tree and make a bee line for it. Open your mouth or attempt to go in any other direction, and I will scatter your brains over whatever tree is so unfortunate as to be near you at the time."

Neal was humble enough now.

"Of course, I'll dew anything ye say, sir."

"I am very well aware of that; you are going to do exactly what I say."

When they reached the hemlock the Doctor called a halt; and again setting his compass and marking his course by another large tree well ahead, started anew.

"I think we oughter go further to the left," Neal suggested meekly, when he had gone about half the distance to the tree.

"I am guiding this party now," was the quick

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reply. "I am not only guiding it, but I am commanding it. You just keep walking in the direction I point out, and don't try to entertain me with any more talk."

Guiding a Guide



On reaching the second tree, Neal, who was about five rods ahead, took advantage of the moment of arranging the compass to start toward the Doctor, ostensibly for the purpose of assisting him; but the wary Doctor, who did not intend to give the fellow any advantage and did intend to get out of the woods, instantly covered him with his rifle.

"Don't you dare to come one step nearer! Find the nearest stone and sit down!"

Neal obeyed.

"Now stay there until I tell you to get up."

After a few minutes' rest, they again started in the direction indicated by the compass; and had not gone more than a hundred yards when they came upon the trail which they had followed in the early part of the day.

Wilson arrived in camp just after dark, having

Guiding a Guide



taken the precaution, an hour before, just as he reached the summit of the mountain, to fire four shots in rapid succession,—a signal which his wife heard and thoroughly understood, otherwise her anxiety would have been great. A delicious supper was awaiting him, which he ate alone; for no sooner had his boat touched the wharf at camp than he discharged Neal, warning him never to show his head in that plantation during any visit of his.

Whether or not this had any influence upon Neal I cannot say; but Wilson has never seen him since that time, and has no doubt that the fellow would refuse an engagement with him since their experience that hot summer day on the precipitous sides of Beaver Mountain.



**AS FATE WOULD
HAVE IT.**



For weeks Manning, Brooks, Spaulding, and Doctor Wilson had been planning a hunting trip into the northern part of Maine. They had set the time far in advance, and each had so arranged his business that nothing might interfere with his being of the party. All were delighted, accordingly, at their meeting in Portland, to find that no one was missing. That day and night they spent on the cars, arriving at Bangor in the morning and changing to the Bangor and Aroostook line for Ashland, where they were to meet their guides.

The next morning they started on the most wearisome part of their journey—a buckboard ride of twenty-one miles to the log shack that for two weeks was to be their home. To cling to a

As Fate Would Have It.



buckboard with any degree of success, even under favorable circumstances, requires a special training; to do it well one ought to be descended from several generations of clingers; but to do it at all when the road—or rather way—lies over logs and boulders, through the midst of mireholes, and across streams, is well-nigh impossible; and little can be said to recommend such a trip except that it is sure to exercise all the muscles of the body. On starting one sits upright; as he becomes accustomed to the motion he suddenly lies down on the bottom of the vehicle—often, for greater convenience, crosswise; and sometimes, when he has exhausted the acrobatic possibilities of his trunk and limbs, he stands upon his head. As a complete system of exercise the journey is incomparable; as a mode of pleasure it is a trifle strenuous. It is, however, one of the conditions to be met in getting at one of the finest hunting-grounds in the world; and no true sportsman allows it to figure in the cost of the expedition. Indeed, in after days, when the remembrance of its ten long

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hours of uninterrupted profanity has become as the memory of last year's snows, he may even look back upon it with a certain longing, as possessing a wild, dare-devil fascination.

Our four hunters, having arrived at camp, after a good supper and a social smoke before the inviting fire which the guides had built in the spacious fireplace, overhauled their guns, got ready their clothing, and sought their bunks.

Sleep in the quiet of the wilderness, where the clear, cool air is fragrant with the odor of spruce and pine, is at all times grateful; after a two days' railroad ride and a buckboard experience of ten hours, it is a luxury to be comprehended only by those who have earned it by similar preparation.

The next morning, after a breakfast of venison steak, broiled partridge, and other delicacies peculiar to the woods, the four started in different directions, each with his guide. That night they brought in two deer and a dozen partridges; ever following day they had equal luck, but no adven-

As Fate Would Have It



**As Fate Would
Have It.**



ture worthy of note, until an event happened which came near costing one of them his life.

One morning, Spaulding's guide reported that a large moose, during the night, had crossed the stream a short distance below the camp. It belonged to Spaulding, therefore, to follow up the trail and secure the animal. Turning to the Doctor, he said:

"Doctor, I wish you would go with me to-day; I want to get that moose if I can. I have always been ambitious to have the antlers of one of those big fellows in my dining-room; and between us we ought to bring that chap down before night."

Wilson was very glad to go, although he had grave doubts concerning any hunter's ability to secure a moose in a chase of only one day. It is almost impossible while following the trail to approach one of these animals until it is half starved; and the hunter who starts in pursuit of it must make up his mind to follow wherever it goes, camp on its trail, and track it to the death. If he does this, he is almost certain to bring down his

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game, for the moose will not eat while it is being followed. Although it is always out of sight of its pursuer, it keeps but a short distance ahead of him; and after three to six days, when it is weakened by hunger and the senses of smell and hearing, on which it mainly relies to detect the presence of an enemy, are dulled by the days of hardship in the chase, it becomes tired, discouraged, and careless, and in this condition may easily be approached and shot.

On this occasion, the guides took provisions for at least four days. On the first and second days the party saw nothing of the moose; but on the third morning, after following the trail for about two miles, Spaulding's guide stopped and said:

"This here's the second time inside of a mile that that feller's stopped to think it over. He's got our wind and knows 't we're arter him. He may be some ways ahead, though, and ef we was on the other side er the wind we could er got a good deal nearer afore he ketched our scent."

Three quarters of a mile farther on, the trail

**As Fate Would
Have It**



**As Fate Would
Have It**



suddenly deviated to the right, around a high knoll or hillock.

"He's jest behind that hill, restin' hisself," said Wilson's guide.

"Then we've got to go fer him from this p'int," said the other, "'n we'd better plan it out right here'n now."

"Waal, yer man's the one that's got the mortgage on the critter, 'n ye'd better say yerself whar ye'll put him."

"I think the likeliest way'd be fer him to foller the trail."

"Waal, then, let him keep to the trail round the hill, 'n I'll send the Doctor over the side 'bout twenty rods to the left."

"All right, then ye can stick by him on the other side 'bout the same ways further on, 'n I'll take the outside track to the left of ye all."

"Now, gents, ye want to be mighty kerful 'bout this: it don't make no diff'rence how much time ye take up, the feller's bound to wait fer ye; but if ye make jest the leastest bit er noise, such as

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bustin' of a twig er ketchin' the heels to yer shoes
agin a stun, it's good-bye to yer moose. Jest
creep along an inch tew a time, till ye git to the
top er the hill; 'n then hold on afore ye go ahead
again, till ye hear one on us hoot like an owl."

Everything went as they had planned; and
Spaulding had lain at the top of the hill for per-
haps twenty minutes, when he heard the low hoot
of his guide far to the left. Once more, there-
fore, he began cautiously to advance; and having
gone on all fours through a thick growth of un-
derbrush which covered a little swale lying in
his course, came out into an opening in the woods,
beyond which, some distance away in the under-
brush, he caught sight of the moose. As if sus-
picious of danger, the animal turned half about
and stood erect, his head in the air and his huge
side presenting a broad target. Aiming at the
shoulder, Spaulding fired. The bullet struck a
little to the left, and tore along the monster's side.
With a snort of rage, the infuriated beast faced
the hunter, who, in the excitement of the moment,

**As Fate Would
Have It**



**As Fate Would
Have It**



fired a second time, sending the bullet wide of the mark. A tremendous crashing through the under brush, like the charge of a herd of mad oxen, immediately followed—the moose had started for him. A loud cry of terror burst from Spaulding's lips.

On entering the open space, not a hundred feet from him, the monster stopped, and stood at bay, inflamed with anger, and with the blood pouring from a ragged wound in his side. At this moment Wilson burst into the opening, and ran up to his friend.

"Give it to him, before he charges!" shouted the Doctor. "He's a dangerous fellow, and is certainly coming for you!"

"For God's sake, give me your gun!" yelled Spaulding. "There's a cartridge stuck in mine, and it won't work!"

Wilson might easily have shot the animal, but he did not wish unnecessarily to deprive Spaulding of the satisfaction of the capture. Springing, therefore, to his companion's side, he placed his

OF THE CAMPFIRE

gun in the sportsman's hands, and, pulling his revolver, prepared to defend himself or to retreat, as might be required by the exigencies of the situation.

**As Fate Would
Have It**



All this took but a moment, during which time the moose, ungainly and ponderous, stood gathering wrath like a great engine getting up steam, while its eyes glowed like two red lanterns on each side of its huge black bulk. Suddenly a glare as if the doors of a seething furnace were opened came into them, the head settled between the gigantic shoulders, and the towering mass charged upon the hunters with the speed of a locomotive.

Spaulding stood motionless, charmed with terror, and holding the gun as if it were an idle toy.

"Shoot! shoot! for God's sake, shoot!" shrieked the Doctor.

A deafening report and a blinding flash—a misshapen, shadowy form reared to the very sky above them—swayed—and fell.

All was over. One of the guides, who ha.

**As Fate Would
Have It**



burst through the underbrush into the opening just in season to see the shot, lay upon a log, where he had sunk in his excitement; while Spaulding, unable to utter a word, stood wringing the Doctor's hand.

After a few minutes, they came to themselves, and began to realize the manner of their almost miraculous escape. Spaulding had fired automatically: he had simply pulled the trigger without bringing his gun to his shoulder; but by one of those inexplicable accidents that have so many times saved men's lives, the bullet had struck the monster squarely between the eyes, penetrated the brain, and tearing along the spinal column, had come out just behind the shoulder. The moose was dead when he dropped.

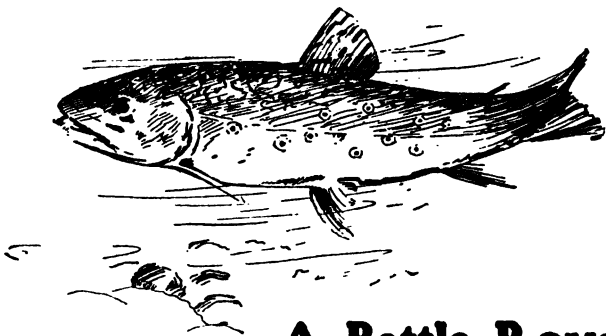
He was a splendid trophy, weighing more than a thousand pounds, with antlers of five feet spread. Spaulding has the head in his dining-room, and it is a delight in the evening, after dinner, to push back his chair from the table, light his cigar, and

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contemplate the head, while in imagination he goes back to the morning when he so narrowly escaped a tragic death in the great forest.

**As Fate Would
Have It**

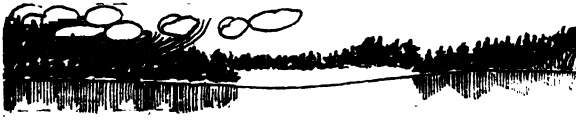




A Battle Royal.

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THE
WINDMILL
PRESS



A BATTLE ROYAL.

At his camp on Long Pond, two miles from Rangely Lake, Doctor Wilson was entertaining Bob Halliwell, from the city, and his friend the Colonel. It was an unusually good season for fishing. The Doctor abandoned himself to the sport with enthusiasm; and even the Colonel, in the intervals between his naps, had once or twice laid aside his habitual apathy, taken his costly fishing-rod, and been present at the capture of several creels of trout. Halliwell was an invalid, and had been able only to do a little trolling in the vicinity of the camp, but had repeatedly expressed a desire to visit Rangely Lake and try his luck in that celebrated body of water.

One morning the clouds were lowering and the fog hung heavy and thick on the surface of the



A Battle Royal



water. Halliwell had been steadily gaining and was in excellent spirits.

"Surely," thought Wilson, "this will be a favorable day to try for a big 'square-tail' in the clear waters of Greenvale Cove."

So he called out :

"Now, Bob, hang up your tackle; the Colonel and I will take a team and drive you to the lake; and I will do my best to give you some of the sport you are so anxious to have, and which we both want to see you enjoy!"

"I have heard nothing but stories about big fish ever since I struck this country," said Halliwell, "and you know I don't believe there is one a foot long in the whole region; however, I'm with you."

They soon started, and in due time pulled up at the bridge crossing the outlet of Long Pond just as it widens out into Greenvale Cove, at the upper end of Rangely Lake.

"Where is your guide?" asked Halliwell, as

they were ready to embark in the boat which had been left for them at this point.

"I shall claim the honor of guiding you to-day, old chap," answered Wilson, "and if you hook a big trout on these waters, I intend to see that you have every chance to land your game."

He had hardly dipped his oars when there was a tremendous splash about twenty rods to the right of the boat. The Doctor and Halliwell looked up just in time to see a great swirl on the surface of the lake, near a sunken log, one end of which projected above the water.

"Jerusalem! what was that?" cried the Colonel, whirling round to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"That is a big trout," was the Doctor's answer. "He is an old settler; and was taking some sort of fly as it skimmed along over the surface of the lake. When he sees anything which suits his particular fancy, he will come at it, whether it be natural or artificial. I'm going to row over there to let Bob try his wiles on him; for I think

A Battle Royal



"A Battle Royal"



that fellow will verify the fish stories to which Bob so skeptically refers."

Wilson carefully propelled the boat to within 60 feet of the place where the fish had risen, and swung about to give his guest the best possible opportunity for casting. Halliwell had learned the trick to perfection. At every cast, his flies struck the water as gently as falling snow, and his trail was perfect; nevertheless, the trout would not rise.

Twenty minutes passed in this way; then the Doctor directed Halliwell to reel in his line, and they withdrew a few rods, to see if the fish would again come to the surface. The boat was scarcely at rest when the trout "broke" with another splash and swirl.

"Why didn't he do that for me?" asked Halliwell, looking longingly at the end of the log.

"Simply," answered Wilson, "because you are not offering his majesty just the delicacy which he happens to fancy to-day. Let's work up shore and watch a while, and perhaps we can find out exactly what he is after."

Wilson worked the boat noiselessly toward the shore, stopping it about six rods away. They had not long to wait; for presently a giant dragon-fly, or "devil's darning-needle," came leisurely along the surface of the lake, darting a few feet, then hovering above the water, watching the aquatic insects with his great compound eyes. Now and then he darted down for some choice morsel, just touching the water and making the tiniest of ripples, little dreaming that he himself was being watched with the utmost interest by an unseen enemy. When the fly was about ten feet from the log and (as it seemed to the little group in the boat) nearly two feet in mid-air, the monster trout threw himself bodily from the water and disappeared with his winged prey. It was an illustration of the constant struggle in nature: the dragon-fly was a hunter in search of food; the trout was seeking the dragon-fly; and was himself the chosen victim of the frying-pan.

"We have his secret now!" exclaimed Wilson, starting immediately for the shore.

A Battle Royal



A Battle Royal



"Where on earth are you going?" asked the Colonel in surprise, as each stroke of the oars bore them farther from the trout.

"Leave it to him," said Halliwell. "He knows what he's doing, and has some kind of surprise in store for us."

"I am going to start an artificial bait factory—flies made while you wait," vouchsafed the Doctor.

They soon landed; and while the others looked on in admiring curiosity, the Doctor prepared the best counterfeit of a dragon-fly that was possible under the circumstances. A piece of shoestring formed the body; the wings, head, and other parts were fashioned from the contents of the fly-book, and in half an hour a passable substitute for the gay insect hung on the end of Halliwell's leader.

Wilson now removed all the other flies, and again started for the log. Working his way with the same care as before, he was soon within casting distance, and gave the word. Halliwell's line

straightened behind him, when, at a skilful turn of his wrist, the leader shot forward, and the big counterfeit fly fluttered gently down on the surface of the lake, 60 feet away. It had trailed scarcely a yard when there was a rush—a mighty splash—and the trout's jaws closed upon it; at the same instant, Halliwell struck hard and deep, and buried the hook securely at the base of the great fellow's tongue. The battle was on.

A Battle Royal



At the first rush, nearly 200 feet of line were run out in a twinkling. When the mad fish was finally brought to a standstill, he threw himself completely from the water, bending the pliant rod almost double; but it instantly straightened, and pulled the line tight, turning the trout well upon his side, so that he fell slack and safe. Then he made a furious rush straight for the boat.

"He is the father of them all!" yelled the colonel.

"Big enough to be the grandfather," added Wilson.

Halliwell was silent. He was straining every

A Battle Royal



muscle to reel in his line fast enough to keep it tightened on the trout, which was speeding like an arrow through the water, making straight for the boat with the intention of passing under it. The Doctor understood his game, and with one or two sweeps of the oars swerved to the right and let him pass far astern.

The game, now roused to the highest frenzy, rushed madly back and forth, until the line fairly hissed as it cut the water, and the reel sung as the silken cord ran swiftly out or was wound again by the cool-headed fisherman. Finally, the trout made a wild dash for the log.

The Doctor was on the alert in an instant.

"Don't let him reach that log, Bob: see if you can't turn him the other way!"

"I'm watching him," replied Halliwell; and he threw the butt of his rod well forward, and brought so tremendous a pressure upon the trout that he gave up going for the log, and, reversing his direction, made for deep water. His rush was unexpected, and was so powerful that the Doctor,

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

expert oarsman though he was, had hardly got the boat in hand when every inch of line was run from the reel, and the rod, swaying and straining, seemed at every moment about to break.

"Take in every inch of line possible, Bob!" cried the Colonel, trembling with excitement.

The heavily-laden boat, propelled by vigorous and determined sweeps of the oars, shot forward in the wake of the trout, which, with all his might, was flying up the lake. Thus they sped along for half a mile. The boat was surely, but very slowly, gaining upon the game; and Halliwell had succeeded in regaining 50 feet of line, and felt somewhat more confident under the anticipation of a sudden rush.

The trout was making straight for a little headland which extended into the lake. Off its point they could see the top of a fallen tree, which had been left on the ice the previous winter, and whose branches just showed above the surface of the water.

"Keep him out of that brush, Bob, or he's a goner!"

A Battle Royal



A Battle Royal



They were now 75 yards away from the tree top. With a violent pitch, the boat swerved to the right, and shot toward the middle of the lake, just in time to anticipate the trout and drag him away from this dangerous locality. The fellow, however, was not so easily handled, and continued to make straight for the treetop with all the power and velocity which characterizes this gamy fish. With his teeth set, Halliwell braced himself for the turning point in the struggle.

"Give him the butt again, and stay with him if we go to the bottom!" yelled the Doctor.

The trout broke water not twenty feet from the treetop, and the boat rolled over until the water almost poured in at the side.

"Hold him, Bob, or smash your tackle!" cried the Colonel.

Halliwell made no answer; but keeping his thumb firmly at the reel, with a silence which was more eloquent than words, waited for the crisis. And it came. The rod, bent until the tip and butt nearly met, creaked in every fibre. If it should

hold for a short time the fight would be over; but it seemed impossible for a slender six-ounce rod to withstand the prodigious strain put upon it. It was, however, of the best make, and proved true to its trust. After five minutes of violent struggling on the part of the trout, the line began to slacken; the fish's great tail came out of the water, and it looked as if the fight was nearly out of him.

Halliwell, now confident of victory, began to work the game slowly toward the boat. Nearer—nearer—only ten feet away—then, quick as a flash, with a sudden turn, the fish went straight to the bottom of the lake.

Halliwell tugged. The hook was hard and fast.

"He has fouled me!" he exclaimed.

"Not at all," answered the Doctor. "He is only sulking on the bottom; give him the wood and wake him up."

A quick upward stroke of the rod, and the trout was flying for deep water. Here he made a few more rushes, but his strength and his

A Battle Royal



A Battle Royal



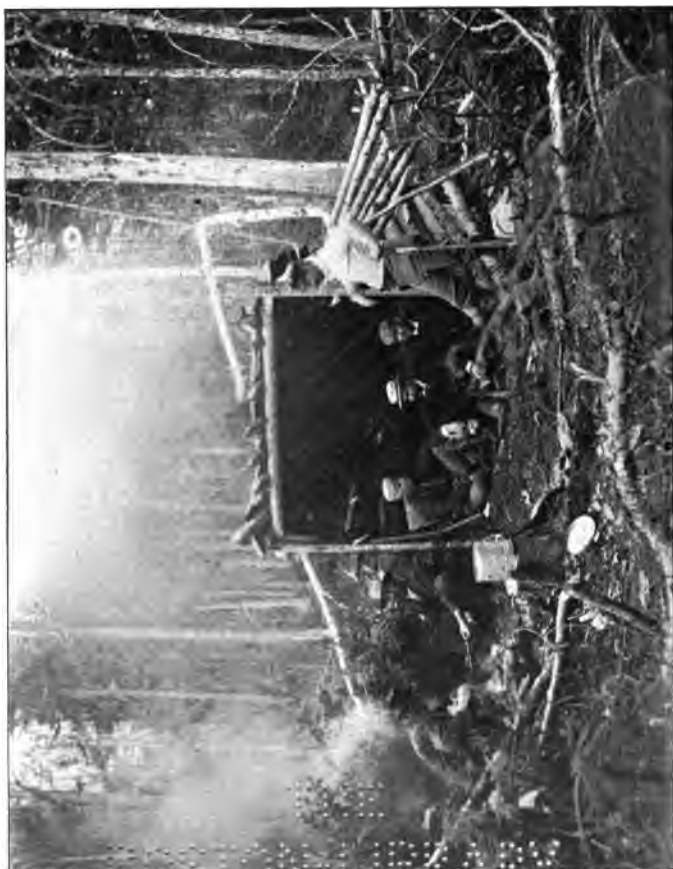
courage were gone. With a few turns of the wrist he was pulled alongside the boat; in another moment the Colonel had the landing-net under him; and Halliwell, after an hour and a half of royal excitement, was the proud possessor of one of the most kingly "square-tail" trout ever taken from Rangely Lake.

Three minutes after he was out of the water, the trout tipped the scales at exactly eleven pounds.



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Figure 1 is a 3D scatter plot with axes labeled x_1 , x_2 , and x_3 . The plot shows 1000 simulated data points. The points are distributed in two main clusters. One cluster is centered near the origin $(0, 0, 0)$, and the other is centered near $(1, 1, 1)$. The points are represented by small black dots, and the overall distribution shows a clear separation between the two groups.



ALMOST A TRAGEDY

It was the first day of October—a glorious morning. Brooks and the Doctor had arrived at the camp on Long Pond the evening before; for Brook's vacation came early that year, and they had planned to be on hand the first day of the open season on deer.

With an early start to their credit, they set out for the wooded hillsides and deep ravines around the little lakes which form the head waters of Sandy River; and had got about a mile below the Hinckley Farm, when Brooks, who was a few steps in advance of his companion, halted, and in subdued tones, as he gazed along the road, said:



Almost a Tragedy



"Here we are, Doctor! Fresh tracks; and big ones, too!"

A large buck had passed that way, evidently but a few minutes before, walking leisurely toward the pond, which could be seen shimmering through the trees a few rods east of the road.

They stopped to reconnoitre. To the west of them lay a low, rounded hill, up the side of which stretched a triangular clearing, with its base at the road, only a short distance from where they stood; and a wide runway, which was plainly discernible, cut the clearing into almost equal parts, and appeared to terminate at the top, or apex, of the triangle. In a few moments the Doctor had formed a plan of action.

"Take the trail, Brooks, and I'll wait for him at the top of the clearing."

Brooks started out, while Wilson, stealthily making his way up the hill, succeeded in reaching his station without the least noise; and with a feeling of pleasure at having accomplished a rather nice piece of woodcraft, and also with the

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

anticipation of a fine shot when Brooks should jump the game, lay down beside a log near the runway. **Almost a Tragedy**

It was one of those warm, perfect days, which blend the beauty of the summer with the beauty of the fall—a day of sunny ripeness, when the late wild bee rejoices in his errands, and the summer insects venture forth once more to fritter away the hours in the balmy air. He could hear a woodpecker tapping far down the hill, and the weird cry of a loon on the neighboring lake; and soon, lulled by the whispers of the forest and the influence of the hazy, dreamy air, he had almost forgotten his part in the scene.

He was roused from his reverie by a slight—very slight—rustling of the leaves directly behind him and farther up the hill. Cautiously turning his head, he scrutinized the forest closely; but could see nothing, and resumed his former position.

A few minutes later, he was startled by a sharp bark, and glanced up, to see a squirrel hanging as



Almost a Tragedy



if paralyzed with fear, on the trunk of a hemlock twenty feet in front of him; at the same time a soft rush of wings fanned him from behind. An owl, waking from his daylight slumber in the branches, had spied the squirrel; and, dazzled by a sudden ray of sunlight in his flight from his dark resting-place, had nearly blundered against the Doctor. The bird was even more startled than the hunter, and with a muffled squawk of surprise and disappointment, beat his way between the low branches and sailed over the clearing, to disappear in the gloomy recesses of a distant clump of pines. Meanwhile, the squirrel had scuttled into his hole; while the Doctor, amused by the incident, and with sympathy both for the lucky squirrel and for his fellow-hunter, whose presence, as he thought, completely accounted for the noise that he had heard, again settled comfortably by his log.

Almost immediately, as if to confute his reasoning, the noise came again, this time louder than before,—a dry crackling, as if some one had stepped

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

on a piece of bark or dried moss. Feeling sure that some animal was near him, and knowing that deer will sometimes steal up so quietly as to make no sound, he peered long and intently into the sombre growth of spruce and balsam; but not a living thing could he discern—not even a rabbit.

Yet something certainly must be there.

This incident started a gloomy train of reflection. The northern wilderness, in which he lay, is not all rest and sunshine. Always, whether it be peaceful or angry, whether it be joyous with the call of birds or mysterious with the deeper, sphinx-like whispers of its own lofty and unfathomable thoughts, or wrapped in its multi-colored coat of green or radiant in snow, it is the home of tragedy. There is a law that penetrates its dim recesses and sweeps across its waters, a law as universal as the law of life or color or melody—the law of might and death: that whosoever shall relax his vigilance shall forfeit his life. Bunny has some inkling of this law, and shudders under his covert as his quick ear catches

Almost a Tragedy



Almost a Tragedy



the ominous chuckle in some savage throat ; Reynard, too, has got wind of it, and weaves his sly footsteps into a labyrinth of perplexity ; the beaver apprehends it, and makes his home impregnable : all animals, according to their ability to protect themselves, from the careless insect that spins and dances over the scum of the stagnant pool to the mighty moose that trumpets through the valleys, know and respect this law. Man alone, who has lost his instinct, and whose confidence in himself has grown arrogant in the security of civilization, neglects it, and dares to overstep all bounds, and to walk boldly and overweeningly through these forests in which he is, and forever must be, a stranger.

The Doctor felt that he was trespassing on alien ground. He, who had come here to take life, might even then be adjudged and condemned in nature's great court of equity : he might be a prey to some cruel beast, and his own life be given to satisfy its legitimate hunger. His fancy got the better of him ; and he glanced up at the trees, half

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expecting to see the huge gray form of a wildcat ready to spring. Nothing: only the sunlight sifting among the treetops and flecking them with green and yellow glories. To his excited imagination, however, a thousand baleful eyes were watching him, which upon examination proved to be rifts between the leaves or irregularities in the contour of the branches. A large yellow birch, standing in the midst of a clump of spruces, seemed to be especially full of eyes. Decidedly, he was getting nervous.

Hearing nothing further, he maintained his watch beside the log, now and then changing his position a little, to rest some tired group of muscles.

Wildcats crouching over him in the broad light of day were undoubtedly the creatures of his overwrought imagination; the eyes, too, which kept peering at him from among the leaves were fanciful—it was all foolishness to think of such things; nevertheless, make light of it as he would, the premonition of danger still haunted him, until a

Almost a Tragedy



Almost a Tragedy



thought suddenly came which nearly sent him to his feet.

He had on a canvas shooting-jacket, which has cost more than one sportsman his life. What if some hunter were watching him, rifle in hand? If so, was it a cool and experienced gunner, or one of those foolhardy fellows who roam through the woods, practicing the often fatal pastime of shooting at any moving object that chances to come within the field of vision?

Wilson could bear the suspense no longer, and resolved to investigate the nature of the mysterious sounds. Just then, Brooks appeared in the road below, and signalled that he had been unable to find the game; and the Doctor rose to his feet to answer him.

As he came to an erect position, he was startled by the sound of a heavy weight striking the ground in the direction of the mysterious cracklings; and a fervent exclamation, uttered by a human voice, greeted his ears:

“Thank God!”

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

With all the quickness of his tense nerves, he faced the forest. There stood a man, pale, trembling, apparently ready to fall, his rifle useless at his feet.

Wilson understood it all now; and at once went toward the man, who was holding out his hand.

"I thank God, sir," said the man, "that He gave me the discretion not to shoot until I was sure of my object; for I have had my rifle covering you for the last half-hour, and should certainly have killed you had I fired; but it has been my unflinching practice never to shoot at any but an unmistakably plain target. I couldn't exactly make you out, and so determined to wait until I—"

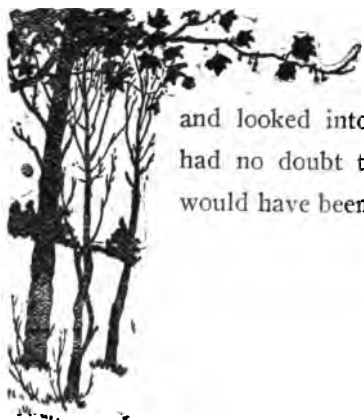
"And thus saved my life!" interrupted the Doctor.

"Yes, sir, and mine too; for after discovering my mistake, I should have permitted myself to live only long enough to throw another shell into my barrel and to pull the trigger."

As the Doctor pressed his soft, refined hand,

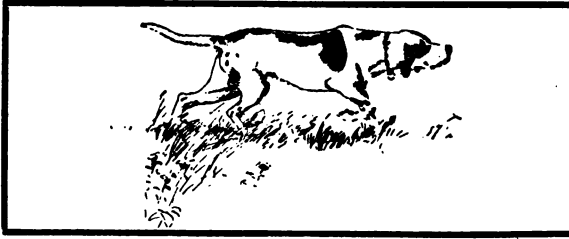
Almost a Tragedy





and looked into his intelligent, earnest face, he had no doubt that had there been a tragedy it would have been a double one.





SYD'S VERSION.

"Waal, I'll tell ye all about it," said Syd, the guide, as he placed his back against one of the uprights of the lean-to, and poked his wet feet in the direction of the fire, which was burning brightly and distributing a congenial warmth to the utmost confines of a rude camp, near the head waters of the Androscoggin.

He had just finished washing the dishes,—three tin plates, the same number of dippers, a teapot and a frying-pan,—and pulled off his shoes preparatory to the night's repose.

Dalton and the Doctor had been urging him to relate the experience of the Colonel and Spauld-



Syd's Version



ing, whom he had guided on a bear hunt the previous fall,—a story which they had failed to draw out in frequent conversations with the star actors in that eventful trip. Syd is reticent only in the matter of revealing any unlucky adventure of his clients; and when he was first approached on this subject, persuasion had no effect on him. His unwillingness to speak of the affair was the one thing needful to start Dalton, and with all the contrariness of his nature he determined that Syd should have no peace until he surrendered; while Wilson, seeing so manifest an opportunity to use Dalton's characteristic to further an end which he himself devoutly wished, added his voice to his companion's, and they assailed Syd together. They teased him, they bantered him, they worried him, they made up accounts of the exploit which he had hard work not to correct, until at last their persistency was rewarded with the remark that opens this sketch.

Then Dalton carefully measured out his pipeful of tobacco, and the two stretched out on their

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

blankets to enjoy their pipes and the reward of their wickedness; while Syd disposed himself for the story—shifted his “cud,” and, as he expressed it, “sailed in.”

“I’ll tell ye all about it,” he repeated, as he poked the fire, sending up a shower of sparks which reminded them of the fireworks at an O’ld Home Week celebration, “’n I’ll give it tew ye straight from the reel. Them sports come here in October ’n wanted me to find a b’ar fer ’um. Now, thar’s plenty er b’ars, but it ain’t as easy’s fallin’ out of a tree to put tew green sports up whar they can plug one on ’um. Ef ye git one of the critters ye’ve got to dew sumpthin’ besides write invites on pieces er birch-bark ’n send ’um round through the woods ’n ask ’um to come tew ye.

“I knowed whar an old un was hangin’ out a good deal round some beech trees on Alder Brook, ’n thought mebbe I could figger out the problem with ’um thar, pervidin’ I could keep ’um in hand ’n make ’um foller directions.

Syd's Version



Syd's Version



"Wall, sir, I never worked harder 'n I did fer them fellers: fer three days I hunted as I never did afore 'thout gittin' a single shot; 'n I'd about gin it up when I stumbled 'pon a beech grove whar the nuts was as thick's a fog in dog-days 'n b'ar signs was plenty. I could see whar they'd clim' the trees to shake off nuts, 'n I knowed ef we worked it right we'd be sartin to git a shot.

"The next mornin' I placed the feller they called the Cunnel pooty well up the hill, a quarter 'v a mile from them beeches, 'n told him to crawl on his stomach the whole distance to the grove, 'n not make so much noise about it as a feather would a droppin' intew a fog-bank. I put the other feller—the lawyer—a ways further down, 'n told him the same thing. Then I went a little below 'n give the signal to start. I was over an hour creepin' up to them beeches, 'n never bent a twig dewin on't. When I was about tew gunshots off I looked up the side er the hill, right ahead er the Cunnel, 'n see a big beech a swayin' 'n switchin', 'n I knowed right away what that

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

meant. 'Twas a b'ar pickin' beechnuts, 'n I felt jest as sure on him 's ef he was already in camp. **Syd's Version**
I signalled tew 'um—tew hoots—that game was 'n sight; 'n crep on.

"Wall, sir, 'tain't often that my heart gits a pumpin' when I sight game; but them fellers was so anxious to git a b'ar, 'n we'd hunted fer so long 'thout gittin' nothin', that I swar I was excited, 'n my old engine went bumpity-bump agin my ribs till I trembled like a woman spankin' her fust-born. I got round whar I could look into the treetop, 'n thar I could see an old b'ar workin' away 'n not dreamin' that thar was a man in the same county.

"The Cunnel was right opposite tew him, 'n I knowed that he was nigh enough to shoot. I hootedagin jest to keep him on the lookout, 'n had almost got within range myself when—what dew ye think that d—n fool of a milt'ry man done? Waal, sir, when he was right whar he could er plugged that b'ar 'n knocked him offen the limb into the land er the great is-to-be, he jest up 'n runs



Syd's Version



fer the tree, wavin' his hands 'n hollerin' fer the other feller to come 'n jine him in the fun. Thought the b'ar was a goin' tew stay up thar, ye see, 'n hold a sorter reception like fer the bullets, er leastwise shin down the tree 'n give 'um a chance ti empty thar magazines into his innuds. Did he dew it? I jedge not! 'Tain't the way a b'ar's made. When he's skeert he's usually in a hurry to git out, 'n he gits. This un done jest what every b'ar in these woods'd er done ef similarly placed. He jest leg-go'n dropped: 'n about the time the Cunnel was givin' the second shout that b'ar struck the groun', bounced like a rubber ball, 'n was forty rods into the woods. I jest glimpsed him fallin' 'n arterwuds on the scoot, 'n I give him two er three shots; but thar wa'n't one chance in a thousand er hittin' him.

"I 'n the lawyer got to the tree about the same time; 'n thar stood the Cunnel as ef he was in a trance. His hands had stopped wavin', 'n kinder hung down like they was waitin' orders what to dew next; 'n his eyes was set like, gazin' away in-

OF THE CAMPFIRE ➤

to the hole that the bar had left in the scenery.

He come tew about the time we got tew him, 'n **Syd's Version** says he:

“‘Waal, I'll be d—d!’

“‘Yew orter be,’ said the lawyer, mad as a buck in fly time. ‘What dyer think we was crawlin’ up here so careful fer? Jest to holler’n yell ’n play on devil’s fiddles tew amuse the b’ar when we see him?’



“‘Waal, I had no idee he’d come down like that,’ said the Cunnel, kinder sheepish like.

“‘How did ye s’pose he’d come? Did ye think ye’d have to shake the tree to git him? Did ye think that when ye found a b’ar tree ye must joggle it, ’n them that’s ripe ud drop off into yer game bag?’

“‘Anyhow, he wa’n’t countin’ on windfalls,’ says I.

“‘Waal, I felt jest as sure of him as could be, ’n er course I wanted yew here to have a part er the fun,’ said the Cunnel, this time sober like; ’n to tell the truth, I rather pitied the feller. He’s

Syd's Version



got a heart so big that all that's left of him 's jest a coverin' to put over it. I sartinly b'lieve that he'd rather have had the other feller git the b'ar than to have plugged him hisself; 'n then he's so honest 'n trusts everybody so much that I s'pose he never thought that the b'ar'd go back on his part er the arrangements.

"'Waal,' snapped the lawyer, 'the best thing ye can dew now 's to gwout here summars 'n fall down 'n jump on yerself.'

"'I dew feel like kickin' myself,' says the Cunnel.

"'Ye jest sail in 'n dew it,' says the lawyer, ' 'n when ye git tired ye jest call me, 'n I'll kick yer unlamented remains all over this county, 'n then go home 'n receive the thanks er yer fambly fer riddin' the state er the d—dest fool that ever went huntin'.'

"'Waal, we started fer camp; 'n them sports never spoke all the way back.

"'While I was gittin' supper thar was a big racket out backer the tent, 'n I looked round the

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

corner tew see what it was; 'n thar was the Cun-
nel sayin' things tew hisself that's all right fer
the woods, but 'twa'n't jest the things to be said
tew a children's picnic.

"I don't doubt the Cunnel's a smart enough man
tew home," concluded the guide, "but as a hunter
he's the d—,—waal, he ain't exactly a D. Webster,
anyhow!"

Syd's Version





IN THE SADDLE.

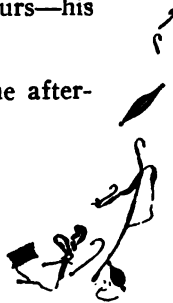


Doctor Wilson frequently asserts that there is no more invigorating or healthful exercise than horseback riding.

He is the owner of a thoroughbred Kentucky saddle-horse, while his friend Ashton, at the head of a large manufacturing company, owns a trim and plucky little mare; and many are the rides they take together, making an afternoon or an evening trip into the country merely for the sake of the exercise, or to fish some neighboring brook or gun a woodcock run, as the season permits, or as their inclinations dictate.

One afternoon, in the early spring, at four o'clock—the close of Wilson's office hours—his telephone rang, and Ashton inquired:

"What have you on for the rest of the afternoon?"



In the Saddle



"Anything you say."

"All right: order your horse and I will be at your office in ten minutes," and the telephone closed with a bang.

The Doctor's horse was impatiently pawing at the curbstone in front of the door when Ashton dashed into sight and asked, as he reined up from a brisk gallop:

"Why not take our rods and try one or two brooks this afternoon?"

"That just suits me," answered the Doctor.

In a short time they were on the road with their outfits. How they enjoyed the stimulation of the lively exercise, and the exhilarating breeze which their own motion created! The horses shared the sport, and with their iron hoofs sounded a merry accompaniment to their riders' thoughts, while they beat in ponderous, even gallop along the streets, ringing and clicking on the bits of pavement; then out into the open highway, scattering the pebbles and ploughing through the deep, soft loam; then up a stony hillside, grazing

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

and noting the sunken boulders, and occasionally striking a spark as their feet clashed against the granite. A few minutes later, they were flinging the dust of the airy hilltop. Just ahead was a curve, with a bridge beyond it; and as the two riders rose and fell, the road seemed to swing of itself under them, the bridge seemed to whirl from the left and open before them, and presently they pounded through it, cantering, thundering, echoing, and again began to speed along the dusty road.

Fields and fences swept by them as if by magic; strips of woodland divided as they reached them, and rushed by on both sides; wide landscapes spread out; farmhouses appeared for a moment on the panoramic picture and were gone; and soon they were at the foot of a long, gradual ascent, which the horses prepared to go over at a gallop.

"Shall we let them take it?"

"Surely!"

The reins were slackened. Freedom to go

In the Saddle



In the Saddle



ahead was all the spirited animals desired, and with a bound they took the hill. A short, impetuous struggle—they were at the top.

"The best ride we ever had!" cried Ashton, as his mare slowed up after the spurt.

"That's what we've said every time we've been out for a year."

"And we've never lied about it, either."

They soon came to the trout brook, tethered their horses, put together their rods, and adjusted their reels. Wilson baited his hook, stepped to the side of the water, and was about to cast, when Ashton called out:

"Hold on, old man, here is something that will interest you!"

Wilson went back to where his friend was sitting on the grass.

"What do you say to a lunch?" asked Ashton, fumbling with some object at the bottom of his creel.

"In the name of Isaac Walton, what have you there?"

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

"Your incantation is sufficient: in the honored name of Billy Parks, it's a lobster."

And pulling a generous bundle from his basket, he exhibited a pair or those dainties in crustacean embrace.

How they enjoyed their feast! What a rest it was to weary heads and tired nerves to throw themselves on the young grass, to hear the birds overhead breaking into song, and the brook at their feet answering in gentle monotone, and all the while to catch glimpses of the soft sky between the blossoming branches!

Lunch over, they turned to the stream—a beautiful rivulet running through pasture and meadowland, with many a wide bend and sudden turn, with overhanging banks and deep pools, making an ideal brook in which to fish. Ashton went up and fished down; the Doctor went down and fished up. Presently they met, compared notes, and found that their luck had been about even. They then sat down upon the grass to smoke a pipe and tell a story or two; decided to fish another brook a

In the Saddle



In the Saddle



mile farther on; and were soon mounted and off at a gallop.

In a few minutes they reined up at a farmhouse. The excellent persons who lived there were patients of the Doctor's, and welcomed their two visitors most cordially.

"Hold on a minute; and I'll run that wagon out so you can go right into the barn."

The voice came from one of the lofts, and in a moment a good-sized pair of cowhide boots appeared upon a ladder, and were immediately followed by a pair of legs and by the stalwart body of the farmer, as he hastily descended to the floor.

"Hitch one on 'em to this strap an' put the other right into this stall, an' I'll give 'em a bite of hay to make 'em feel contented, an'—Mother! Mother! Here's the Doctor and a friend of his: just bring out a pitcher of milk an'—won't you go in? No?—Mother! bring along a few nut-cakes too: the boys must feel hungry after riding like they was when they ripped up to the barn."

At that the good woman, her kindly face beam-

OF THE CAMPFIRE ♣

ing a hearty welcome, appeared with a great pitcher of milk and half a dozen doughnuts. **In the Saddle** From a dietetic point of view, milk and doughnuts are hardly compatible with boiled lobster; but the offering was so cordial and the Doctor was so sure that the disappointment would be great should they decline to take the food, that they ate the last doughnut and drank the last drop of milk. Her evident pride in entertaining them, too, gave a relish to the homely fare unknown at many a sumptuous banquet; and the Doctor's eyes grew moist as he gazed at her gray locks, which brought before him another face, now many miles away, worn with the lines of age, but illuminated by years of love and hallowed by self-sacrifice.

The two fishermen were soon at the second brook, employing the same method as at the first. This stream ran through woodland and underbrush, and proved somewhat difficult to fish; but their enthusasim overcame all such minor obstacles, and as the sun sank below the western hills they finished the stream and voted that they were well paid for their tramp.



In the Saddle



Their friend the farmer was waiting for them when they returned to the farmhouse, and insisted on leading out their horses and handing them their rods when they were mounted.

"Them's reg'lar hossback hosses, ain't they? Come again anytime," was his farewell; while a gentle "Hope you'll come again," greeted them as they dashed by the pantry window.

The five-mile gallop home was not half long enough. The horses went like a harnessed pair, neck and neck, up hill and down, now cantering along a level stretch, now single-footing down a descent, and again flying up an ascending bit of road at a tearing gallop, as happy as two kindly treated and well-fed horses could be.

Arriving at home at dusk, the two friends declared for the hundredth time that it was the best ride they ever had.

And how many fish did they get?

In telling about their enjoyment of the other incidents of the trip I had forgotten about the fish! They didn't get a single one.



The Sportsman's Outfit

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THE SPORTSMAN'S OUTFIT

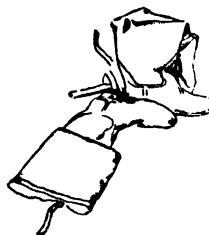


While the object of the sketches in this book is to entertain the reader, most of them are also designed to illustrate some practical point in the sportsman's art. Of all subjects to be considered, the most important, and one which well merits a separate chapter, is the outfit.

The old hand has formed his own opinion about this, and knows what he wants; but each year hundreds of men and women spend their vacations in the woods for the first time, and to these the gleanings of another's experience may not be unacceptable. This chapter, then, is intended for the beginner.

FISHING-TACKLE.

Fishing-tackle need not be expensive: the two



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Outfit**



essentials to be kept in mind in selecting it are simplicity and excellence.

However short the time in which you intend to fish, at least two rods, not costly, but of good quality, are needed,—a bait-rod and a fly-rod. The bait-rod, which will answer for stream fishing or for trolling, must be eight feet and a half or nine feet in length, and may be made of split bamboo, lance wood, or, preferably, of metal.

Much has been said and written on the subject of fly-rods, some preferring one weighing at least seven ounces and a half, others taking the opposite extreme and advocating one three and a half or four ounces in weight. The latter, however, is valuable only as a novelty, for it is too delicate for good casting, and soon loses its elasticity. The best rod which can possibly be made for general use is of split bamboo, nine feet long, and weighing five ounces and a half or six ounces; it is strong enough to cast a medium-sized line, and its elasticity is almost perfect.

The question of reels is especially important.

OF THE CAMPFIRE

A strong, well-made multiplying reel, with a balanced handle, holding 100 yards of line, is best for successful trolling with a bait-rod. Some prefer a larger one, capable of carrying 200 yards, or even more, but it is unnecessary; and in ordinary fishing from rowboats or canoes, which is almost universal in the state of Maine, 200 feet of line is really all that is desirable. To angle successfully for trout or salmon, it is essential that the reel be well constructed and run easily; such a reel will also answer for stream fishing, although for that a small, light reel, carrying 25 yards of line, is preferable.

The reel for a fly-rod should be a carefully selected quadruple multiplier, with a capacity of 75 yards. The best material is aluminum; it is easy-running, and its weight compares well with that of the rod.

Do not try to save money in the purchase of reels. Nothing is more annoying than to lose a good-sized fish, when the battle is half fought out, because of the imperfect working of a cheap reel.

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The line for a bait-rod should be of braided waterproof silk of medium weight, and it should be carefully tested before being wound upon the reel. That for a fly-rod may be of medium or light weight, according to the taste of the user. A medium-weight line casts better, although a light one should be used if the rod weighs less than five ounces.

No fisherman should go into the woods without a landing-net. This most important implement is inexpensive, and too much neglected.

Gutted hooks should always be used, whether for stream fishing or for trolling. Their size will depend wholly upon the waters you are visiting.

BAIT.

The subject of flies has been much discussed. Any tackle-dealer will exhibit myriads of fancifully-colored products, which put nature to the blush. In the midst of this multitude of white, yellow, rainbow-hued, and strongly recommended anomalies, there are four flies of actual value to

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the sportsman—the Parmacheene belle, the brown hackle, the silver doctor, and the Montreal. A Parmacheene belle at the end of a four-foot leader, with the brown hackle in the middle and the silver doctor at the top, make an excellent combination. Now and then the Montreal is preferable to the brown hackle, or, if the day is very light, it may be used in place of the silver doctor; but even this is hardly necessary. When fish will rise to any fly they will to one of these four; and with these you can take trout in any waters, at any time of day, or on any kind of day, better than with any and all others that have ever been put on the market. This strong statement is verified by an experience of twenty years in the use of this delicate bait, and I desire that the reader be spared the expense and annoyance to which I have been subjected.

Every artificial bait for trolling is made to imitate the minnow; but in this matter, as in everything else, there is nothing equal to the genuine thing. Do not be deceived by the representations

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of dealers who recommend anything that was ever invented, if by so doing they may sell it; but remember that the minnow is the natural food of the trout and the salmon, and, therefore, the best bait that can possibly be used for trolling for large fish. It can almost always be obtained on the grounds or in some neighboring stream, and may be dipped up with a net or caught on a small baited hook.

Worms, or flies baited with worms, are excellent bait for trolling in the smaller lakes. For stream fishing the angle-worm stands first, although in July and August the grasshopper is sometimes preferable. Flies cannot be used to advantage unless the stream is wide, with plenty of clear space overhead for casting.

GUNS.

A few years ago, the small-calibre rifle, notably the 30-30, suddenly sprang into popularity as a sporting rifle. It has, however, absolutely failed to stand the test of time, and is fast disappearing

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from the woods. While many things have been said in its praise, its popularity was never deserved. The bullet is too small to bring down large game, unless it penetrates a vital part. Thousands of deer have been wounded with it, to die several days later, the hunter not only losing his game, but inflicting cruel and unnecessary pain upon the animal. No rifle of less than 38 calibre should ever be taken into the woods, and 45 is even better. Either of these guns, firing a mushrooming bullet, produces a shock which is sufficient to bring down any animal that roams the woods of North America, even though the bullet does not penetrate a vital part. To be sure, the gun is heavier, but the gain in execution more than offsets the inconvenience in weight; and any man who is strong enough to go gunning at all, is well able to carry a rifle of sufficient weight for the work. The use of small-calibre guns, therefore, cannot be too strongly condemned. They are disappointing and cruel. As to the make, any of the leading manufactories turn out a satis-

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factory product, and the sportsman may choose for himself.

Shotguns are now little used in the Maine woods. Woodcock and partridge shooting is, however, fine sport; and if you desire a shotgun, many admirable ones are manufactured. I use a hammerless, double-barreled Colt, although this is no better than half a dozen others in the market. This also is a matter which it is better for one to investigate and decide for himself.

CLOTHING AND BEDDING.

In the selection of clothing, comfort should be the chief consideration. A trip to the woods is no drawing-room occasion, but the sportsman should dress in a neat and presentable manner.

A pair of strong, well-made waterproof leather boots, reaching half-way to the knee, can be purchased of any dealer in sporting goods, and are indispensable. These are sufficient, unless you intend to fish streams, then it is well, also, to have a pair of rubber wading boots. Light woolen or cotton hose may be used.

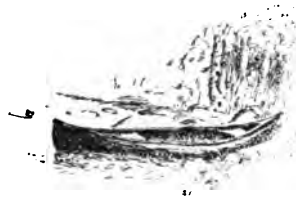
OF THE CAMPFIRE

Full-length trousers or knee breeches made to wear with belt, and of strong, closely-woven fabric, which does not easily tear; a jacket of the same fabric or of corduroy; shirts of soft material; and a soft hat or cap, complete the outfit.

For an extended trip, which will necessitate camping out, a rubber blanket, to be always spread on the ground or on the bough bed, a woolen blanket, and an air pillow, will add much to your comfort.

It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, and while this outfit answers every purpose, it may be varied to suit the taste and the means of the individual.

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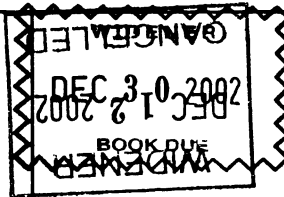
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